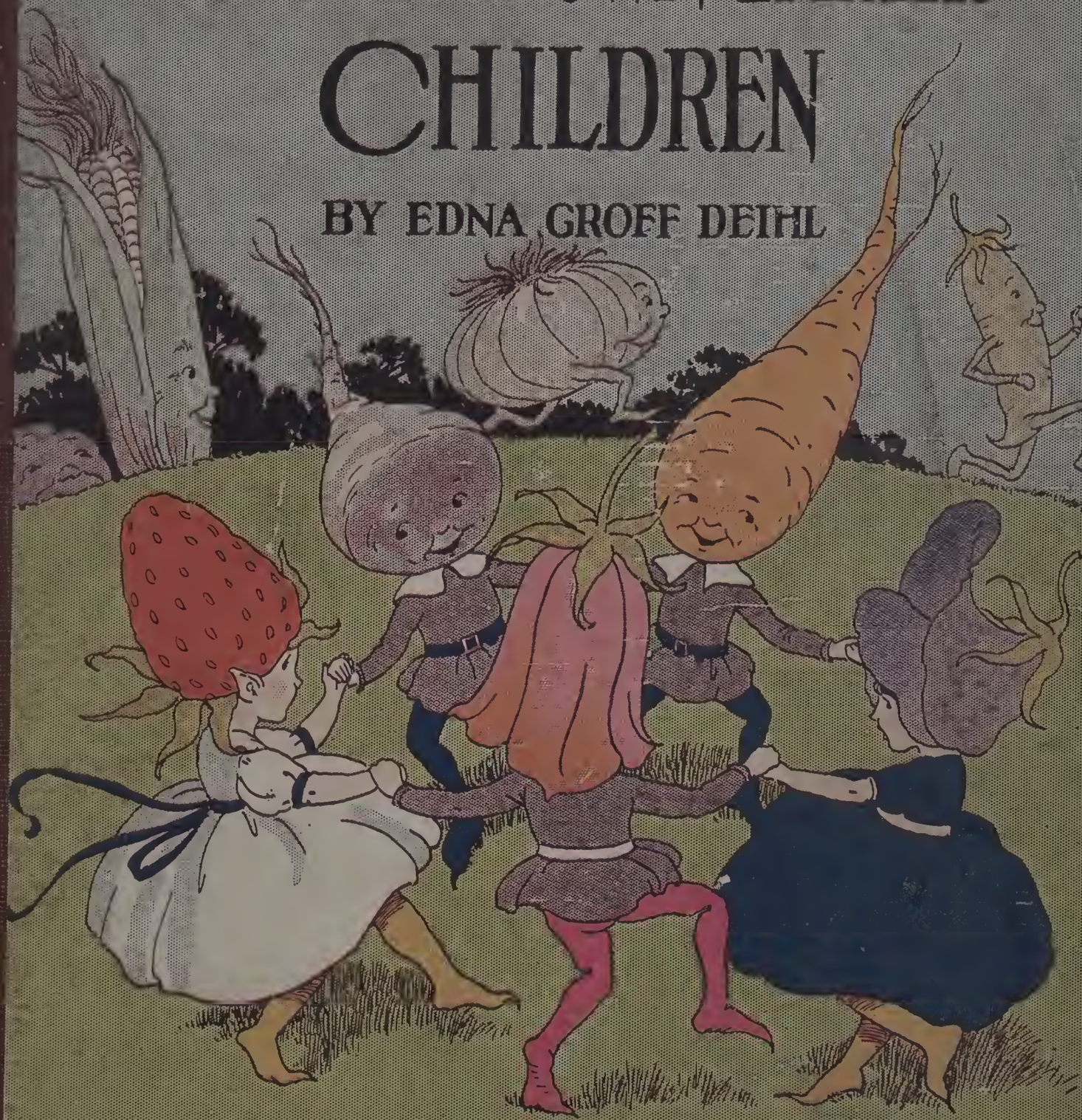
PZ
7
.D367
Mo

FT MEADE
GenColl

MOTHER BROWN EARTH'S CHILDREN

BY EDNA GROFF DEIHL



FLOWER AND BERRY BABIES
VEGETABLE AND FRUIT CHILDREN COMBINED

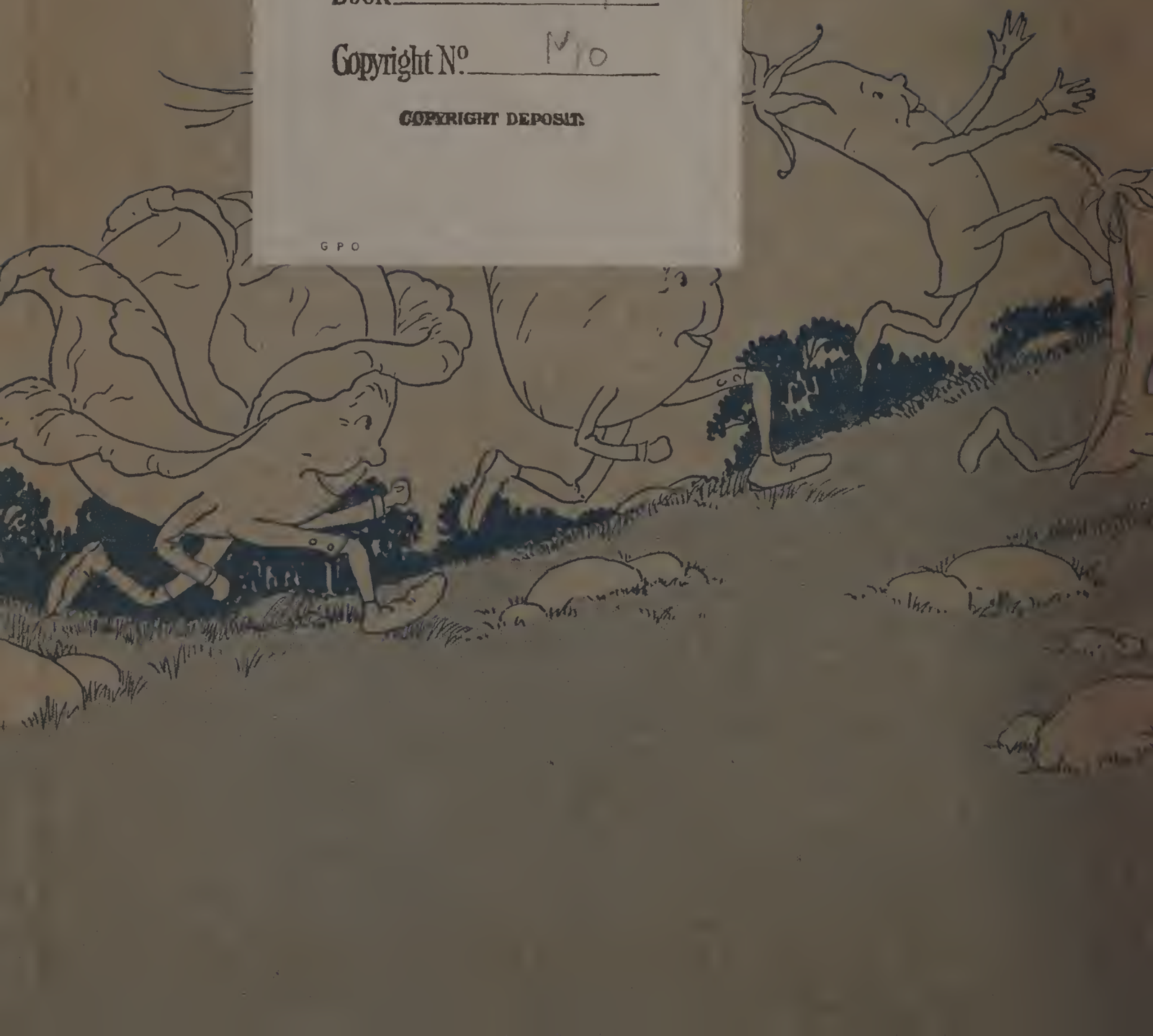
MILO WINTER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class PZ7
Book J267
Copyright No. M10

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

GPO



MOTHER BROWN EARTH'S CHILDREN

One Day a Little Girl Came and Sat by
Hans Cauliflower

(Hans Christian Cauliflower)

MOTHER BROWN EARTH'S CHILDREN

By Edna Groff Deihl

Illustrations by Vera Stone

"A Just Right Book"
Albert Whitman Company
Chicago, U.S.A.

©C 19273

PZ7
.D367
No 6

Copyright 1927

ALBERT WHITMAN & COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

OTHER TITLES UNIFORM WITH THIS BOOK

ROBIN REDBREAST'S HOME
By Clara J. Denton

LITTLE FOLKS FROM ETIQUETTE TOWN
By Laura Rountree Smith

DENTON'S FANCIFUL TALES
By Clara J. Denton

©Cl A1068055
FEB 17 '28

A JUST RIGHT BOOK
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES

PREFACE

Children are interested in the common-place things of their life.

The flowers they pluck from their gardens, the fruit and vegetables they prepare and eat each day, are all wonderful things to them.

For this reason I have used these everyday subjects, and have woven about each of them a story—one that will amuse and instruct them as well. By giving them bits of interesting facts about those things which they see every day, and at the same time allowing their imaginative powers to have full sway, the common things take on a fairy semblance, and make life more beautiful.

—Edna Groff Deihl.

CONTENTS

BOOK ONE

THE VEGETABLE FAMILY

Page

Tomato—*How the Love Apple Became a Tomato* . . 11

Onion—*How the Onion Got Its Smell* 23

Cauliflower—*How Hans Christian Cauliflower Crossed the Sea* 31

Pumpkin—*How Grandma Pumpkin Kept House* . . 40

Pepper—*Reddy Pepper, Coward* 50

Garden Vegetables—*The Opening of Garden Bed Park* 59

THE FRUIT FAMILY

Citrus Fruits—*Chinatown of Fruit City* 68

Plums and Prunes—*Honey Plum's Lesson* 76

Peaches—*Naughty Goldie Peach* 85

Pears—*Billy Bartlett's Choice* 91

Apples—*The Proud Apple* 99

Bananas—*How the Banana Family Went Abroad* . 105

CONTENTS

BOOK TWO

THE FLOWER BABIES

Page

The Brave Violet 9

The Arbutus—*The Flowers' Scare* 18

The Flowers' Baby Show—*Garden Flowers* 27

Easter Flowers—*Easter Lily's Sermon* 35

Johnny Jump-up and Giant Sun-Flower 44

Roses—*The Pink Roses of Bush House* 51

THE BERRY BABIES

Mountain Berries—*The Berries Race* 61

Currant and Gooseberry—*Reddy Currant and Her Country Cousin, Gooseberry* 69

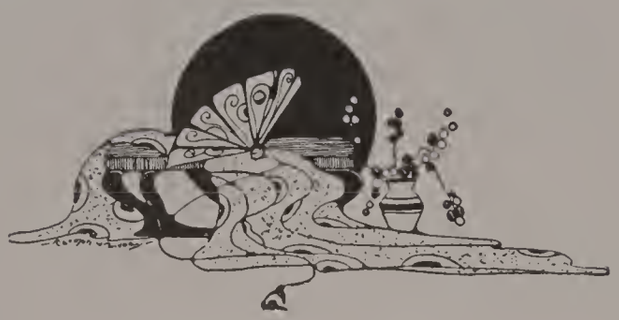
Raspberries—*Dr. Snowy Tree Cricket and the Sick Raspberries* 77

Blackberries—*The Three Obliging Little Berries* . . 86

Mulberries—*The Tale of the Mulberry Tree* 94

Elderberry—*The Old Woman Who Lived on a Stem* 104

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS



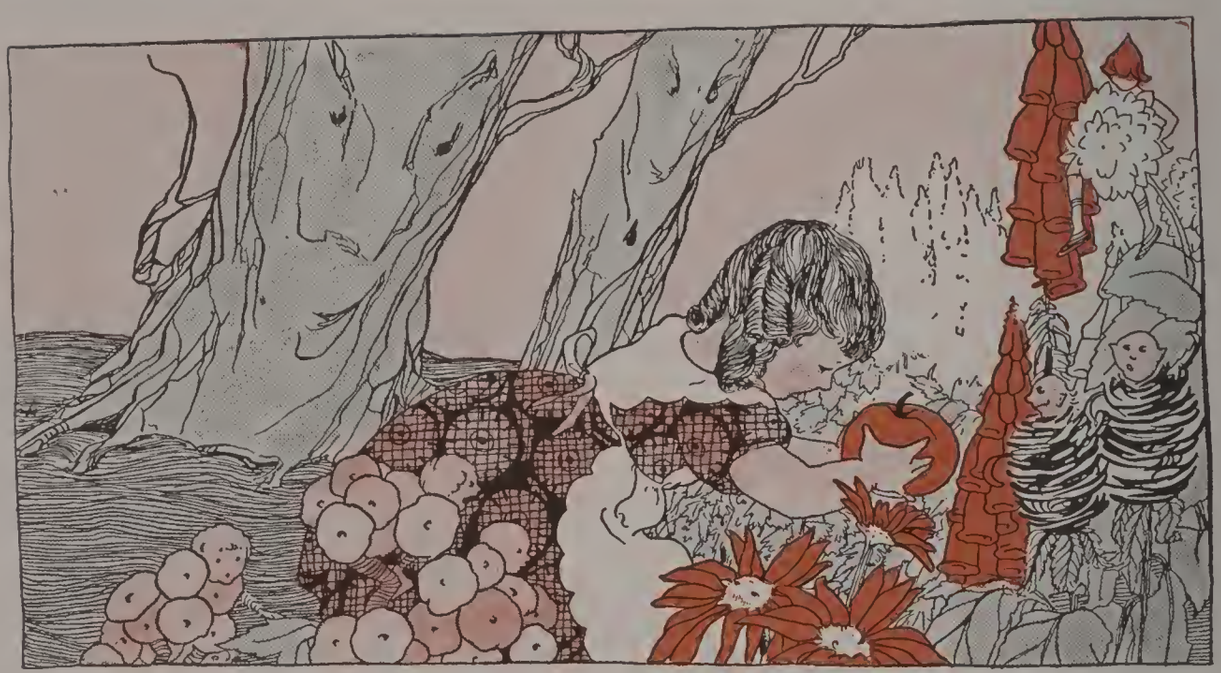
BOOK ONE

One Day a Little Girl Came.....Frontispiece
Samantha Picked the Love Apple.....Page 10
Send for the Doctor! I Ate a Love Apple..... " 19
The Fairy Firefly Was Out With Her Tiny Followers..... " 23
All Gathered Around the Funny Little Onion Bed..... " 29
In a Big Boat They Sailed Away..... " 31
Hans Cauliflower Told Stories to the Garden Folk..... " 39
You Must Go Alone..... " 40
Squatty Scratched Her Face..... " 43
No, Indeed! Laughed Grandmother..... " 47
He's Too Dried Up and Old..... " 50
Up, Up He Went..... " 53
Packed Up for the Sea-Shore..... " 59
Hundreds of Us Waiting to Be Cooked with Bacon..... " 61
"Please Come Along, Father"..... " 65
The Cauliflower Merry-Go-Round..... " 66
They Were Known All Over the World..... " 68
At the Very Edge of the Village..... " 69
Maybe I Will Be a Refreshing Drink for Some Invalid..... " 76
What on Earth Are You..... " 81
Throw It to the Chickens..... " 85

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

BOOK TWO

"Oh Look," Cried the Little Girls.....Frontispiece
They Heard the Tale Biggey Mulberry Told.....Page 8
I Want to Hear My Friend..... " 11
Girls Wearing Pink and White Sun Bonnets..... " 13
At the Root Telephone..... " 23
Little Arbutus Wandered Away..... " 25
Bugville Turned Out and Stood Along the Walk..... " 27
My Dear Easter Is Coming..... " 37
Easter Is Not to Show Off Our Clothes..... " 43
He Will Not Look North..... " 45
It Had Beautiful Green Shutters and a Quaint Thorn Fire Escape " 53
I Am Going to Take You to My Grandmother..... " 58
Pretty Red Flowers..... " 60
A Red Juicy Strawberry..... " 67
My Dear Cousin Gooseberry..... " 69
She Knew Lots of Good Games to Play..... " 75
Good Afternoon Mrs. Raspberry..... " 77
They Found This Sign..... " 83
Here Come Three Little Girls..... " 87
They Dried Up and Blew Away..... " 93
Then the Little Elderberry Children Coaxed for a Story..... " 95
Darning One Thousand Pairs of Stockings..... " 104



Samantha Picked the Love Apple.

Aunt Este's Stories

of the

Vegetable · and · Fruit · Children

HOW THE LOVE APPLE BECAME A TOMATO

ONCE upon a time, long long ago, before there were any automobiles, street - cars, express trains, electric lights, gas, flying machines, telephones

or moving picture shows, Grandmother lived in a quaint little house in the country. There was a quaint little flower bed in the front yard, and a quaint little vegetable bed in the back yard; off to the side of the house stood a large barn with a barn-yard full of horses, cows, chickens and ducks. It was a wonderful place, and Grandmother loved it as much as you boys and girls love your busy city.

Best of all Grandmother loved her little gardens—the quaint flower garden in the front, and the dear vegetable garden in the rear. Of course she was not a grandmother then, but a dear little girl with long curls down her back.

In Grandmother's flower bed were beautiful creatures — mignonettes, pinks, asters, marigolds, and many others. Now right in the middle of the flower bed sat some funny little red, fat flowers, which she called Love Apples. They did not look like the other flowers, for although they had beautiful coloring, they were not graceful, and had no dainty faces. And oh, they were so sad, for, while Grandmother picked big bouquets of the other flowers, she never once picked a Love Apple. They just hung there in the sunlight until they withered and died. For what do you think Grandmother said whenever any one went near them? She said, "Don't touch those, they are *poison*."

Back of the house in the vegetable garden lived the onions, radishes, lettuce, potatoes and the rest of the vegetable family. Here, every morning through the long hot summer, came grandmother, in her little pink pinafore to pick the vegetables which her mother would cook for her dinner. My, but everyone was happy and full of song around that home—Grandmother, all her family, the barn yard folk, and even the vegetables and flowers. Only the Love Apples were unhappy.

One day Marigold, as she sat looking at the sun, heard one of them crying.

"Why do you cry, little Love Apple?" she asked. "I would not get such a red, swollen face, if I were you."

"Nobody loves me!" sobbed the little Love Apple. "How would you like to be so badly treated by Samantha (which I forgot to tell you, my dears, was Grandmother's name)? "She picks *you*, and hides her face in your lovely petals. She goes to the back garden and picks those little vegetable fellows and eats them with her pretty mouth. But here I hang! 'That Love Apple is pretty,' she says. 'But no one must go near it. It is poison!' Oh my! That word poison makes me quiver! I feel as if I were a snake. Now tell me, Marigold, did you ever hear of me hurting any person?"

"No, indeed, I did not, my dear," answered Marigold. "But to tell you the truth, I feel that you are a bit out of place among us flowers. You look more as if you belonged out in the vegetable bed. You seem to be more of a vegetable than a flower. Why don't you try to live out there?"

"That's a splendid idea!" said Love Apple. "And do you know, since you mention it, I remember my grandmother telling us children that long, long ago, when we lived in tropical lands, beneath the burning sun, we were eaten! But how can I prove to the earth folk that I am a good vegetable instead of a poison flower?"

"Why don't you look so tempting some day that Samantha will pick you and get a taste of you—then the rest will be easy! You know how little girls are! They all like good things, and some of them don't stop to think whether they will hurt them or not."

"Good!" said Little Love Apple, "I will tempt Samantha. I would not hurt her for the world, but I know I'm not poison, and I must show her in some way that I am not."

So, one morning when Samantha went to her little flower garden to pick a bunch of pretty flowers for her mother, there hung that Love Apple. It was big and red and looked so per-

fectly lovely that Samantha thought—"Oh, it wouldn't hurt me just to pick it and see whether it smells good!"

Samantha picked the big, juicy Love Apple, and as she tried to smell it, it burst its red, thin skin, and Samantha got a taste of it! M-m! It was good! Before she thought of what she was doing she had taken a bite, then two bites—then in a little while she had eaten the whole Love Apple!

My! Samantha was a scared little girl! She ran into the house crying, "Send for the doctor! Send for the doctor! I'm going to die! I ate a Love Apple!"

When her father heard this, he wildly ran and harnessed up the big mare to

Send for the Doctor, I Ate a Love Apple

the buggy, and rode off as fast as he could to get the doctor to come and bleed Samantha, so that she would not die.

But what do you suppose? When the father reached the doctor's house he had gone away for the day, and there was not another doctor for miles and miles.

Then everyone thought surely Samantha would die. But she did not. She went right on living and was as fat and as well as she had ever been.

So the people were taught at last that the little Love Apple was not a poisonous flower at all, but a good vegetable. When they had proved

without a doubt that such was the truth, they took the little fellows, roots and all, from their home in the quaint flower bed in Grandmother's front yard, and made them a home in the big vegetable garden in Grandmother's back yard, and called them *TOMATOES*.

Now you must know that this is true. The tomato was once a Love Apple. From that day, long ago, when the lonesome little apple tempted Grandmother in the front yard of her home, the Tomato has lived with the Vegetables in the back garden.

My, but it has been happy! For has it not been sliced and covered with vinegar, pepper, salt and sugar? Has

it not been to parties with its yellow mayonnaise cloak hanging gracefully over its shoulders? Has it not been fried in butter and gone to beautiful dinners with a cream dressing all garnished with parsley? Has it not lived in glass houses all winter long?

Which would you rather be, dear ones? Grandmother, in her quaint little country home, with her Love Apple in the front yard, or just a little twentieth century girl with a bed of tomatoes in her own back yard?

The Fairy Firefly Was Out with Her Tiny Followers

THE FUNNY LITTLE ONION

IT was midnight in Garden-be-land. For you know midnight comes to that land as well as it does to all of Mother Earth's possessions. The moon was bright, so bright, that when little Bunny Stubby-Tail, who ran through the place hunting something good for his dinner next day, saw his

shadow, he was afraid, which of course was very silly of Bunny Stubby-Tail. However, this is not a true story about a little rabbit, but just a dear fairy tale about a funny, discontented little onion.

The Moon was bright, and Fairy Firefly was out with all her host of tiny followers, each carrying a little lantern so that they might see the Vegetable Children, sleeping in their earth beds (for you must know, my dear ones, that the Fireflies are the Vegetable's Fairies). How dear the little Vegetable children looked! There was Red Tomato, lying flat on his back in the moonlight, without one bit of cover! There was Irish Potato and

her little sisters and brothers tucked so tight away beneath the brown earth covers that no one could see them; there were the Pea Babies in their quaint, green cradles, peeping through the cracks in the green wall at the moon; there were the Bean Children even doing stunts in their sleep—for were they not dangling from the long stem ropes?

"They all look perfectly happy," said Fairy Firefly. "Let us be going."

But before they could spread their wings to fly they heard a little voice: "Oh, pretty fairies, stay but a moment. I have heard that if one wakes as you pass, and asks three times just like this, 'Grant my wish! grant my

wish! grant my wish!" it shall be so! Now I have a wish I would like to have granted. Please, Fairy Firefly, hearken to me."

"But speak thy wish, and it shall be granted," answered Fairy Firefly, and all her million followers bowed their heads at her will.

"I am sad," sighed the little voice. "I am nothing but a tiny onion, living all alone. I can never even show my white dress outside the ground house until I am pulled; I have no brothers and sisters to play with on the same root porch, like the Potato Children; I have no pretty cradle to be rocked in like the Pea Children, who always look so happy and roly-poly; I have

no green dresses which turn yellow in the autumn like the Bean Children, nor have I stem swings to play upon; I have no out-door sleeping porch nor red dresses like the Tomato Children. I am but an ordinary creature. What I want is just something to make me different—so that the world will notice me and talk about me. Something to make me like a rose or like one of the pretty flowers. Grant my wish! Grant my wish! Grant my wish!"

Then said Fairy Firefly. "It shall be as she asks, dear followers. Wave your lanterns over her head three times and her wish shall come true. She shall have something different from

all other vegetables; something like the Rose—something which will make people notice her and talk of her, for I am going to give her a Lasting Smell! There shall be an onion smell when she is picked; there shall be an onion smell when she is handled; there shall be an onion smell when she is eaten and long, long afterward. It is the only smell I have left in my bag, and I don't know whether she will like it or not, but her wish must be granted in some way."

So Fairy Firefly and her followers all gathered around the funny little Onion bed and chanted:

"From thence forever you shall smell,
In sunny fields or shady dell;
If the smell we give you be not fair,
All we can say, it is most rare."

So Fairy Firefly and Her Followers All Gathered Around the Funny Little Onion Bed and Chanted

And so the funny little Onion came to have the smell which makes her different from all other vegetables. I do not think Fairy Firefly guessed very well, if she thought she was giving her perfumery like the rose, do you?

It does not always pay to lie awake listening for the Fairies. Some time we might wish for something we really would not want, and that we could never lose.

In a Big Boat They Sailed Away

HOW HANS CHRISTIAN CAULIFLOWER CAME ACROSS THE SEA

ONCE upon a time in a quaint little country across the sea lived Hans Christian Cauliflower. Mother Cauliflower had named him that after that great man — Hans Christian Andersen —

who wrote those wonderful fairy tales you have all read. If you love him, the little Danes love him more, and even the vegetables and flowers bow low when his name is mentioned, for he was one of their very own countrymen. That is why Mrs. Cauliflower was very proud to name her baby that. He was not very pretty when he was little—just a round, roly-poly seed, and he had no pretty dress such as his mother wore, which looked exactly like a big garden bouquet.

From the time little Hans was born he wanted to see and do things. He was never satisfied in his little country of Denmark. One day he was put in a box with a great many other seed chil-

dren, and sent to Copenhagen, the capitol of Denmark. There he saw the sea, with all the wonderful boats going and coming. My, but he wanted to jump on one and see where he would get to. Day after day he pleaded in a thin, piping voice,

"Please put me on a boat!"

"If we go on a boat we can never come back to our beloved land," said another little seed, who loved his mother and the little garden where he was born, and the Danish girl who watered and tended to the vegetables. "We can never again see the fisheries, and our own people making their bread and carving their own furniture. We must stay away if we go. But I am

afraid that is what is going to happen. I heard some men talking of putting us on a boat and sending us to America."

That little seed was right. One day they were thrown on a big boat and away they sailed. My, but little Hans Christian Cauliflower got seasick. He wished he might fall into the great sea —but that was impossible. At any rate he was getting his wish, and seeing the world.

One day the big boat reached land. There were sounds of voices and men rushing to and fro. Hans wished he were not such a tiny seed, so that he might see the new country.

Before long the box in which he was living was unpacked. The little seeds were so happy to feel the good fresh air. They yawned and stretched themselves. It was not long before they were planted in good rich soil. "This looks like home," thought Hans. "Nothing so different here. Just brown earth! But it does feel good for my tired self. I can grow here!"

So down underneath the brown earth covers Hans Christian Cauliflower grew. He grew and grew until his nose came out of the ground. Then he saw trees and grass and vegetables growing just as they did in his own country, but the little girl and boy who came to give him a drink each

evening, were different. They did not dress like his countrymen. They did not talk like them. The houses they lived in did not look the same. There were no fisheries and Hans, although he loved the strange sights, began to feel homesick.

"If I could only hear something which would make me feel at home," he said.

Then one day a little girl came and sat under a big tree which grew on the edge of the garden where Hans was living. She was very, very pretty. She wore a big red hair ribbon, and a dear, little, low-necked red dress, with short white stockings. Under her arm she carried a book.

"I shall read until they call me to dinner," she said. "Mother just gave me this lovely book of Andersen's Fairy Tales. She says he lived long ago away over in Denmark, where he wrote all these wonderful fairy tales for boys and girls. My, he must have been a splendid man!"

The little Cauliflower jumped nearly an inch when he heard this. So the pretty little girl had a book of the stories written by the great man for whom he was named! It made him quite proud. And more than this he resolved that he should be a story teller to the little vegetables—he would be their Hans Christian Andersen. So all the summer long the little Pea Ba-

bies, and the Bean Children, and the Tomatoes and Potatoes and the rest of the children in Vegetable Land listened with open eyes and ears to the wonderful tales which their Danish friend told them.

Whenever you see Cauliflower, dear ones, remember that the little baby seeds came across the sea from Denmark.

Hans Cauliflower Told Stories to the Garden Folk

"You Must Go Alone"

HOW GRANDMOTHER PUMPKIN KEPT HOUSE

FATHER and Mother Pumpkin wanted to go on an excursion with the vegetable folk.

"I think you must go alone, Squatty," said Mother Pumpkin.

(Squatty was Father Pumpkin's first name, you know.) "I cannot take the babies so I will not go. I would not mind little wee Pumpkin, but the baby is entirely too small. We could not have a good time, and he would only lose his rest. A cool, vine house is the only place for a pumpkin baby. Pumpkin mothers had better stay at home when their babies are small. You take Middle Size and Wee-Wee and go."

But Father Pumpkin wanted to have Mother Pumpkin go too. He looked so very much disappointed that Grandmother Pumpkin offered to watch all the children. That was a pretty big care, for she was getting old,

and while she loved them one and all, and tried to excuse them when they trailed off past the cornstalks and hid in the wheat field, they really did make her nervous. Why, all her hundred seeds quivered, like the nerves of the earth folk, when they all shouted at once! You see there were ten little pumpkins in the family. There were some families of Pumpkins around them whose children were larger, but they didn't have so many because they had been pruned. But Father Pumpkin always said, "I like plenty of youngsters even if they are not so big!"

After telling Grandmother just how to act, and what to give the babies to eat, and what not to give them, and a

Squatty Scratched Her Face Until It Had a Big White Spot

thousand other things to which she never listened (like many grandmothers she thought she had raised babies herself and would do as she pleased), off started Father and Mother Pumpkin.

At first things went nicely. However, by the time the vine house was fixed up for the day, and the seed dishes washed, the little pumpkins began to get restless. Fatty jumped from the vine balcony and stumped his toe. Of course he cried. Little Squatty tried to find out why his sister's skin was yellow and scratched her face until it had a big white spot. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, and already

Grandmother began to get nervous. Then a happy thought came to her.

"We'll have a picnic!" she said. "Over behind the cornstalk."

My, but there was a wild scramble.

"I'll tell a story until dinner. After we eat we'll play games," said Grandmother. So over behind the corn-stalk with Baby Pumpkin on her lap sucking his milk-weed bottle, Grandmother Pumpkin began.

"Once upon a time there was a real, live French pumpkin, who was so big he had to be dragged to market. He weighed over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Many French pumpkins weigh that much."

"Oh, they must be giants!" said Longy Pumpkin.

"I believe they are," said Grandmother. "I can tell you something funny about your great, great, great, great grandmothers who lived long, long ago. How do you think the earth folk used to bake them into pies?"

"Just bake him in a pie crust" said little wee Pumpkin.

"No, indeed!" laughed Grandmother. "That's the way they do it today. Long ago they took one of your great grandmothers, and first cut a hole in her side. Then they stuffed her with apples and spice and everything nice, and put her in a great old fashioned oven, and baked her until

"No indeed," Laughed Grandmother

she was a golden brown. When she came out of the oven she looked just as pretty and round as when she had been living on her vine house, only a bit tanned."

"That sounds nicer than being put on a rich pie crust!" said little Polly Pumpkin.

Then came luncheon! My, but it was good! There was apple cider and leaf sandwiches made of the apple par-

ings. The little Pumpkins were so full after they had finished that they just lay down like little pigs and slept while Grandmother peacefully knit under the corkstalk. After they awoke, came the games.

Grandmother made them play they were gourds. First, because she said they really belonged to the gourd family. Wee-Wee played baby pumpkin was a green and yellow striped gourd and used him to darn some corn husk stockings. Biggey Pumpkin said he was playing "Big Injun" and used Polly for a Hercules Gourd. They played until night came, and Grandmother bundled them all together and took them home.

When Father and Mother Pumpkin came home from their trip, all the little Pumpkins were fast asleep in their beds.

"He's Too Dried Up and Old"

REDDY PEPPER, COWARD

IN a far off country called the Roman Empire lived Reddy Pepper, vegetable. He was an ancestor of those peppers which grow in our gardens and are sold in our market places, to make chow-chow and pepper slaw; the dear little Sweety Peppers and hot Sharpy

Peppers. He was like the Sharpys, for he had a very hot temper, and fairly burned!

All around him in little vine houses grew other peppers. They grew as they were intended to grow, hanging until they were dry enough to be picked. Then they were ground into the pepper dust you sometimes put in soup. They were happy to be packed as pepper dust in boxes, and sent away, for they knew that was what they were made for; but Reddy Pepper was not contented.

"I wish I could grow higher than a house!" said Reddy. "So they could never find me to grind me up."

Now the fairies were flitting around, and they heard Reddy's wish, and before he knew it, the house in which he lived began to grow. First it grew high as a little bush; then it grew high as a big bush; then as high as a little tree; then as high as a big tree; two feet—five feet—ten feet—twenty feet!

At first Reddy stood at the bottom with his mouth wide open, looking up. Then he felt himself "going up!" Up and up he went until at last he reached a big, blue field. It must have been a bit of sky-land, or else it really was the land where Jack of the Beanstalk's giant and his wife lived. At any rate, Reddy stepped off, and walked around

Up, Up He Went

until he came to a big tin-box castle. Inside he heard voices droning:

"Stepper, wepper, hepper, depper,
I want to catch that big red pepper;
Be he green or be he red,
I'll grind him up from toe to head."

My, poor Reddy was frightened! He had wanted to grow big so he could get away from the earth folk who wanted to do the same thing to him. Here it was even worse. He wished he were back in his small vine home. He tried to creep down the high vine, but he could not. He tried to hide but there was no hiding place large enough for him. He worked until he became all hot and red, and finally he wiggled himself loose, and went whizzing down through the warm air.

"I wonder where I'm going to?" he thought. "I hope I will get away from the giant in the tin-box castle."

Down, down, down, he tumbled, until bump! went his head on the hard earth. There he lay very tired and sore.

Days passed. Reddy grew old and withered. At last as he lay there, he heard the tramp, tramp of men in shining armor.

"We are Roman soldiers!" they shouted. "Attila has demanded three thousand pounds of pepper as a ransom for the city of Rome. We must grind all the peppers we can find! We must have pepper!"

Reddy heard it and quaked. Was this Attila the giant of the tin-box castle? Were these his followers? He almost seemed to hear:

"Stepper, wepper, hepper, depper,
I want to catch that big red pepper;
Be he green or be he red,
I'll grind him up from toe to head."

"Here is a big vine and a lot of little ones," said one of the giant men. "We'll take all these."

So they gathered peppers and peppers. Reddy, hiding under the vines, heard them all chattering gayly, as they were pulled and stuffed into bags. He could not see how they could be happy when they were going to be ground up. It was awful! What did

he care for the city of Rome? What did he care for Attila? At last he heard one of the men say, as he kicked him with his foot, "Why, here is one more lying on the ground."

Reddy grew so weak and scared that he just shriveled up some more. Then a big, strong face peered into his withered, little one and said, "That one's no good! He's too dried up and old. March on! Our bag is full at any rate."

"Goodbye, Reddy!" shouted all the little peppers from the bag. "We are vegetable soldiers! We're going to help save our country! You are a coward, Reddy! You've been trying

all your life to get away from what you were made for! Goodbye, Reddy!"

It seemed to Reddy Pepper, as he lay there alone, old and tired and shriveled, that he did not care what he was! All he could hear was the ringing song of the giant:

"Stepper, wepper, hepper, depper."

As the distant cry from the Roman soldiers—"Three thousand pounds of pepper, a ransom for the city of Rome" was wafted to his ears, Reddy fell asleep —a dried up, cowardly, wrinkled sleep.

I think the Soldier Peppers must have been happy, don't you?

The Earth Folk Had Packed Up for the Sea-shore

THE OPENING OF GARDEN BED PARK

THE vegetables in Garden Bed Village felt very much neglected. When they had first sprung up from their home, Under-the-Ground, the earth folk had been delighted with them!

They had stooped down to count how many of each family there were; they had picked them and sold them for large sums of money in the market places; they had put them on the table, dressed in fancy styles, and greeted them with smiles and pleasant faces. But now the summer was growing old, and with it the vegetables. They were no longer popular. So when the vegetable folk heard that the earth folk, who lived in the house near to the Garden Bed Village, had packed their trunks and started for the seashore, they held a meeting.

"What do they expect us to do?" said Yellow Tomato. "I'm anxious to

be preserved with that lemon fellow! But here I must hang until I grow old and withery!"

There Are Hundreds of Us Waiting to Be Cooked with Bacon

"I don't know," said the Beans. "There are hundreds of us waiting to be cooked with bacon or pickled in chow-chow."

"It's a shame!" said some of the Pea Children. "Our green dresses are all fading yellow in the sunlight. We surely had hoped for a cream and butter dressing by this time."

"Well, well, well," said Hans Cauliflower, "withering looks and sour faces do not make things any better. If the earth people in that house prefer a stuffy hotel room to a breezy cottage porch, and fish to fresh vegetables, we can't help it. We have been doing our best for them and they don't seem to appreciate it. Let us try living for someone else. I have a plan. We'll put up a sign on the edge of the bed, reading:

GARDEN BED PARK

Picnics taken care of every day from five in the morning until seven at night

ALL BUGS, ANTS AND WORMS POLITELY INVITED

So that is how it happened the next morning that the little ants and worms and bugs who went down the road saw the sign. They hopped and crawled and wiggled into GARDEN BED PARK. There they played all day and crawled home to their mothers and fathers when it began to grow dark.

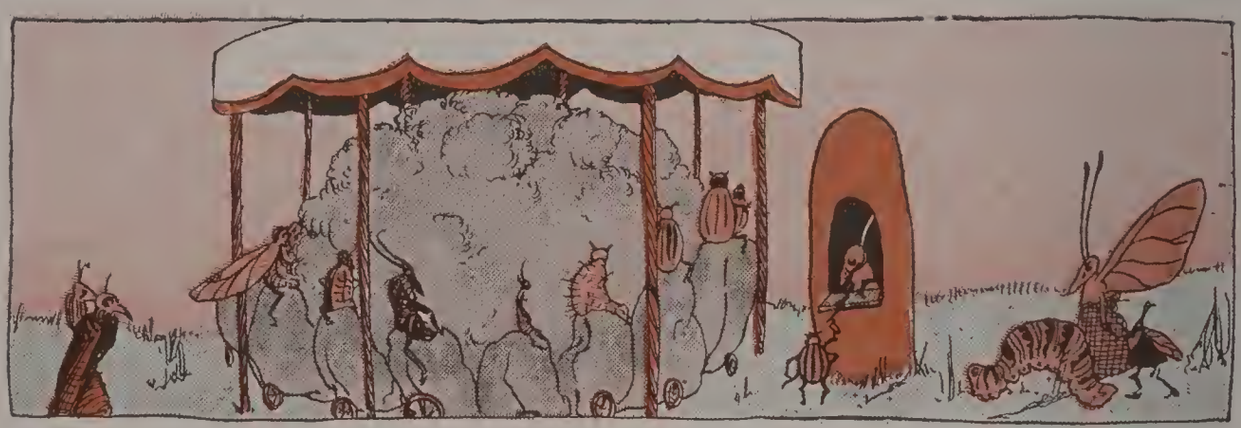
"Oh, mother!" said Browny Potato Bug. "We have just found a splendid place to play. We punch holes all day long in green curtains and eat off the edges."

"Father," said the little worm. "Please come along tomorrow to Garden Bed Park. It's the finest place in the world! There are bean vine swings, with dear, little narrow seats hanging to long ropes; there are red rolling tomato balls; there are funny little green pea incubators, full of the cutest babies. We never tire watching them. And oh, father, take us on the lettuce roller coaster, where we can go up one leaf and down the other. Just think, it only costs a drop of dew to

get on the Cauliflower merry-go-round, and only two drops for the squash theatre, where the tiny ant rolls a grain

"Please Come Along, Father"

of sand backwards. Oh, there is so much to see and do. Please do come along, father."

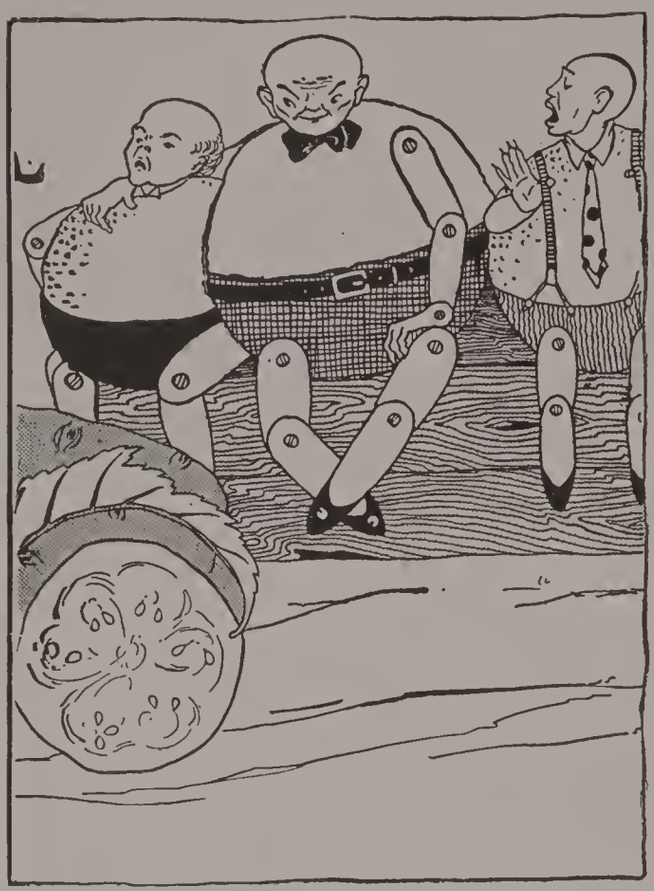


The Cauliflower's Merry-Go-Round Played "When the Daylight Choo-Choo Took the Folks Away!"

So during the long four weeks when the house was closed Garden Bed Park was open to all of Bugville. Every day the cauliflower merry-go-round played "When the Daylight Choo-choo Takes the Folks Away." It was great fun to watch the bugs and ants and worms as they played all over the park.

But one day the folks came home.

When they saw their garden bed full of little bugs and worms and ants, they hoed up the whole of Garden Bed Park. The earth people were sorry that they had forgotten to have the good vegetable folks cared for.



They Were Known All Over the World

CHINATOWN OF FRUIT CITY

ONCE upon a time in a beautiful part of California there was a wonderful Fruit City. In it lived such famous fruit folk as California Peach, California Pear, California Plum and Cal-

At the Very Edge of the Village

ifornia Apricot, who were known all over the world. Their pictures could be seen at any time in grocery store windows, on huge tin cans and glass jars. Of course they were proud of being such great folk; that is how they came to look down at some queer Fruit Folk who lived at the very edge of their village, in a section all by themselves. This section was known as Orange Grove, but the Fruit Folk had nicknamed it Chinatown.

Now the Fruit Folk who lived in this Chinatown were not really natives of America; their ancestors had come from far across the sea; from China and Japan—those hot, tropical lands. They were yellow-skinned, and were full of

yellow blood—juice (some of them even had red—blood juice, almost like real people). They were entirely different from the other Fruit Folk.

So the great folk of Fruit City kept to themselves, and would not have a thing to do with their yellow-skinned neighbors.

"We can't have our children going with foreigners!" said Mayor Peach, as he lectured one day in the Peach-Tree Court House.

"That is right!" spoke up Preacher Pear. "They may teach our children bad habits."

"I don't think they should ever have been allowed to land in our country,"

said Professor Plum, who was at the head of the California Fruit School of Commerce. "Why the earth folk all over this country are actually paying as much for ONE of those Grape Fruit fellows, as they do for several of us. Besides, these foreigners are more popular than we are in many places."

"They *may* own the earth, if they keep on growing in number," said Mayor Peach. "Is there nothing which we can do to stop them?"

But nothing they said did any good, and so, even although these fine Fruit Folk frowned and frowned, the queer yellow folk in Chinatown of Fruit City kept growing and growing, and gave much fruit to the earth folk every day.

But the Grape Fruit felt very bad because they were snubbed by the other folk of Fruit City.

"We can't help being yellow skinned," said Celly Orange. "It's no disgrace to be a Mongolian."

"I'm not going to be ashamed of my color," said Biggey Grapefruit. "I was born yellow-skinned, and I'll live yellow-skinned."

So the little tribe of yellow people worked on and on, giving good, juicy fruit to the earth folk long after the Peach and Pear and Plum families had been put into tin cans, to stand all winter long on grocers' shelves. All over the land they traveled in their thick dresses that defied all weather.

But each and every summer the folk of Fruit City planned to have them put out of the country. One day as Mayor Peach motored by Fruit Chinatown he heard some queer voices droning a Chinese tune to the beating of gongs:

"Tum-tee-dee, tum-tee-dee,
"We've never a care, as you can see,
"Though the Fruit Folk treat us badly,
"The Earth Folk like us, so we are happy,
"Fiddle-dee, fiddle-dee, tum-tee-dee."

"These fellows are getting to impudent!" said Mayor Peach. "They must be sent out of the country!"

"I'm afraid you'll have a hard time doing it, your Honor!" said Preacher Pear. "They have become too well liked by the great earthfolk. They wouldn't let us do it."

And so the yellow folk grinned Billiken grins at the big auto, as it bore away Mayor Peach with a frown on his face, and Preacher Pear nodding his head.

Maybe I'il Be a Refreshing Drink for Some Invalid

HONEY PLUM'S LESSON

ONCE upon a time a beautiful little Honey Plum lived in a beautiful home. All the floors were hard wood, and the reddish veins running through them showed that they were genuine hard wood—not imitation. In fact, they were such fine wood that the cabinet makers, who make all the beau-

tiful things for the earth folk, paid great sums of money to obtain them for their fine work.

Just as elegant as the floors, were the hangings of her home. Dainty white flowered curtains hung at her windows in the springtime; green leafy ones at her doors and windows in the summertime. Honey peeped through them to watch the other Fruit Folk of the village.

And because of all this elegance Honey was proud. She would not play with the poor children in the neighborhood.

"I'll have nothing to do with those who do not live in fine houses," she said, as she smoothed out her purple

satin gown. "No one but the Apple, Pear and Peach children are good enough for me. They are the only ones who live in big houses. Of course they do not have fine, hard-wood floors such as I have, but at least their homes are large and fine."

Now close to Honey Plum's home was a farmhouse in which lived a little girl. This little girl often worked out under the plum tree. Honey loved to watch her as she sat there preparing the folk of Fruit Village for the table. Honey used to talk to her friends as they lay in the pan in the little girl's lap while she pared or washed them.

One day the little girl brought out some new things. Honey had never

seen anything like them before. They lay in a kettle of water. The little girl washed each one of them and then threw them into another kettle of clean water. They were dried-up, ugly black things.

"What on earth are you?" asked Honey Plum. "What kind of a house were you raised in? You must never have seen a home with hardwood floors and curtained windows like mine. I guess you came from the back-woods, and were raised in a very poor home."

"Indeed, we did not come from the back-woods," said one of the dried-up creatures, very indignantly. "We had as fine a home as you have, when we were young!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Honey Plum. "Nobody as beautiful as I am, or who lives in such a fine home as I do, could ever become such an ugly creature as you are!"

The biggest one of the dried-up creatures looked up at Honey with a wise look.

"Listen, Honey Plum," she said. "Don't talk so fast. You may reach exactly where you see us before you die. Once I was as fair as you. Once I dwelt in a fine home, and knew what it was to walk on hard-wood floors, and peep through curtained windows. Once I wore purple gowns and laughed at those who were not so fine. But one day I was plucked.

"What on Earth Are You?" Asked Honey Plum

(Honey Plum's Lesson)

" 'Now I am going to a fine glass house,' said I to myself, 'where I shall spend the rest of my days in sweet syrup. Perhaps I will grace the table at some feast, or be made into a refreshing drink for some invalid, or better still, for some sick child.'

"But no such thing happened, Honey Plum. I was picked and taken away from my beautiful home, and dried—yes, actually dried, until I was old, and black, and shriveled, as you see me now. Then I was shipped away in an ugly, wooden box. Since then I have spent my days in a hot, dusty grocery store, with such horrid things as mackerel and cheese. The other day this sweet little girl's mother

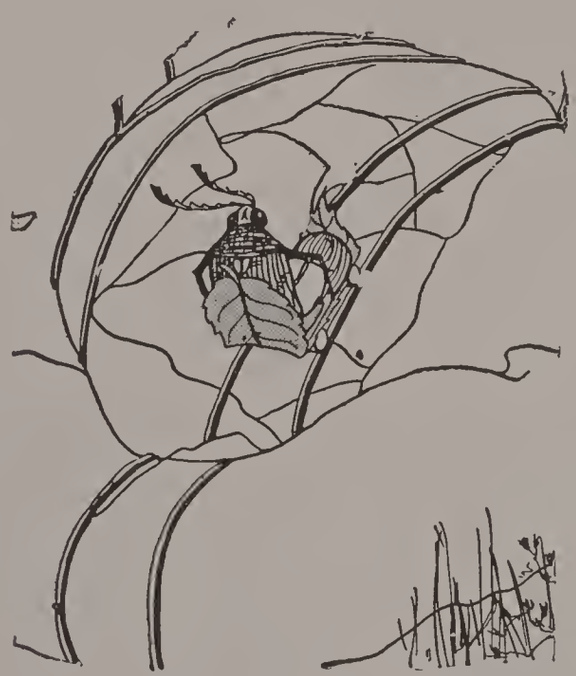
bought me. At last I am being given a good bath, and I hope to be presented to the earth folk. But I shall always be black; I shall always be dried. And I am old! My only hope is that they tell me I am to be stewed in sugar; that will make me swell somewhat with pride, so that I may look a bit as I used to look when I hung as you now hang in a beautiful home."

"What is your name?" whispered Honey Plum.

"I have been known for years, my dear, as Shrively Prune. But when I was young like you my name was Honey Plum."

Long after Shrively Prune went into the house with the little girl, Honey Plum sat and thought. If a Honey

Plum could become a Shrively Prune, then anything might happen. She decided then and there that she would be kind to others not so fine as she was. There might come a day when she might appreciate their kindness.



Throw It to the Chickens

DISOBEDIENT GOLDIE PEACH

ONCE upon a time in Fruit Village Goldie Peach lived in her tree home. She was beautiful, but very, very disobedient.

Even when she had been a little pink and white baby, looking as innocent as a lily, she had been disobedient.

"Keep under your green-leaf cover, dear," Mother Peach-tree had said, but Goldie would always kick it off. That is how she happened to get a frosted nose!

Mother Peach-tree thought the frosted nose would be a lesson, and settle her disobedience. But it did not.

Soon she was a pink and white baby no longer, but stood shaking her yellow curls in the sunlight.

"Don't play with worms, Goldie, dear," Mother Peach-tree had warned. "They are not good companions for the Fruit Folk."

But Goldie only tossed her curls the harder, as she let a queer fat worm sit right on her bosom!

Goldie grew and grew, and except for her frozen nose, she became very beautiful. But although she never even told Mother Peach-tree, she had a strange feeling right close to her heart. It was a queer, creeping sensation, which she could not understand.

She often wondered how the other peaches could be so care-free and happy.

"I look as pretty as they do," she would say to herself. "But I don't feel right. Something hurts in here." And then she would point to her heart.

Disobedient Goldie Peach

One day all the Peaches on Goldie's tree home were picked and sent to market. My, but they were happy, because they were going to see the earth folk. All of them but Goldie. She was so afraid someone would find out that there was something wrong inside her beautiful body.

The day after they left their home, a most pleasing thing happened. They were all invited to a wedding, where they were to sit on top of ice cream sundae glasses on a beautiful bridal table!

One by one they were made ready for the feast. At last Goldie's turn came. My, but she trembled! The creeping feeling inside her became worse and worse.

Sure enough, when they tried to dress her for the feast, there sat the same queer, fat worm, right on her spoiled seed heart!

"That Peach is not fit for the wedding," said the cook. "Only the best are fit for the bridal table. Throw it to the chickens."

And so it happened that while all the other good little Peaches sat at the wedding dinner, Goldie was being picked to pieces in the chicken yard by a lot of greedy hens!

"If I had only listened to Mother!" sobbed Goldie, as the sound of laughter floated out through the open window, "I would be so happy!"

BILLY BARTLETT'S CHOICE

ONCE upon a time a timid little maiden by the name of Sickle Pear lived in Fruit Village. She was not nearly so beautiful as her girl friends, Goldie Peach and Honey Plum, nor one-half so clever.

In the same village lived a handsome young fellow by the name of Billy Bartlett. At every Fruit ball he looked charming with his healthy red cheeks and his vest of gorgeous yellow.

All the Fruit Maidens in the village liked him! Each one smiled with joy when he asked her to dance.

But guess who it was that Billy Bartlett loved the best of all? Not Goldie Peach, although she was always smiling at him; not Honey Plum, although she dressed most gorgeously in a purple satin gown. Billy loved none other than little Sickle Pear.

"I don't see how he can care for her!" said Goldie Peach to Honey Plum one day, as they talked across their leaf fences. "She is very homely."

"Yes," answered Honey Plum, "she has no fancy dress, and her face is a mass of freckles!"

But Billy Bartlett saw Sickle Pear's heart. He knew she was sweet. That is why he loved her.

One day as Sickle sat on her stem swinging on the branch porch, she heard the Wind Telephone ring.

One ring! Two rings! Three rings! That was the Sickle Ring. Very timidly she answered it.

"Hello! Yes, this is Sickle. Who? Oh, Billy Bartlett?—You have something to tell me?—Oh!—You—Love—me?—Oh, Billy!—You—want—me—to—marry you?—Oh, Billy! Indeed there is nothing that would make me happier. But how can we be married? There is only one preacher who can marry us, and that is Preacher Grafter, and he will never graft until long after we have taken our journey to the earth folk. I heard my grandmother talking

about it the other day. In the autumn he sometimes grafts our branches together—but then we would not be here. —Oh, Billy, do you think you could pray the fairies to have him graft now? —in summer? While we are still on the tree?—It would be lovely!—Yes, Billy, I will marry you, if you can get the preacher to bring you over to my house."

Now close by Fruit Village lived a young farmer. One day, as he was passing by Fruit Village he looked at lonely little Sickle Pear, freckled and ugly.

"That tree should be grafted with that big Bartlett tree over there. I think I will try it this fall."

All the Fruit Maidens in the Village Liked Him

Now, as he said this he seemed to hear whispers in his ear; faint, tinkling sounds, which sounded like merry bells, or gurgling, happy streamlets.

"Lay—rules—aside, young man! Graft now! The fairies speak! Make happy two young Fruit Folk—Billy Bartlett and Sickle Pear."

Now all this sounded like nonsense to the young farmer, but he was a kind young fellow, so he listened to the fairies, as he sat under the branches of the Sickle home. It was here that the Fairies, who had heard Billy's prayer, as Fairies do, told the farmer the whole story, and it pleased him to act as preacher.

Next morning Billy Bartlett was very much scared. A great knife cut his branch porch right from his home, even while he was sitting upon it, and Billy and his branch porch were carried away on the shoulder of the young farmer.

Then suddenly he saw he was being carried right to Sickle's front porch! The next thing he knew, his porch was waxed close beside Sickle's porch, and before he knew it he was so close he could lean over and kiss her!

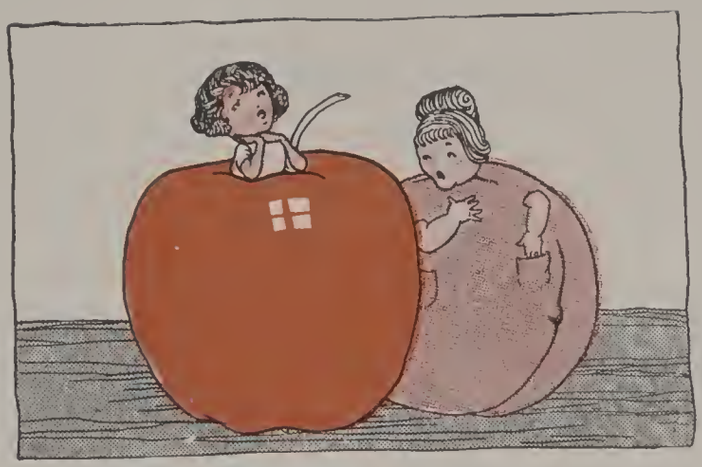
Then Billy Bartlett was the happiest young man in all Fruit Village.

It was not long before all the Fruit Folk knew of the wonderful marriage of Billy Bartlett and Sickle Pear.

The farmer, however, thought he had been silly to listen to the fairies. It was contrary to all rules to graft when there was fruit on a tree.

But no one need ever doubt the fairies. A few years after that, the farmer passed the Sickle home one fine day. There, swinging on all the branch porches were a host of beautiful, big, healthy pear children, with never the sign of a freckle! And they were singing this song:

"Our Father's name was Bartlett,
Our mother's Sickle Pear;
Folks say we look like Father,
And are sweet as Mother Pear!"



Was It a Peach? No, It Was an Apple!

THE PROUD APPLE

ONCE upon a time a big, juicy apple lived in Fruit Village. She was a very beautiful apple. Her cheeks were as red as roses, her body was plump, while the little plat on the top of her head was quite attractive, especially when she wore a dainty green-leaf hair ribbon.

There was one thing which spoiled her, however. She was too proud.

"I am a most wonderful person," she would say to all the apples living on the same tree-house with her. "I belong to a family which is raised in many, many countries of the earth. We are strong; so strong that the earth folk can keep us all winter long without having to cook us and seal us up in glass jars."

Yellow Peach, who was sitting on her front porch, heard the Proud Apple.

"Well," she said, "we don't have to be mashed and made into sauce in order to be good after we are cooked. We look pretty in our glass houses."

But the Red Cheeked Apple could not be convinced.

"My dear Peach," she said, haughtily, "you never had a great poet write about you. Think of the poem of William Tell. Was it a Plum William Tell shot from his son's head? Was it a Pear? Was it a Peach? No, it was an Apple!"

"Oh, we don't need to look up history in order to find something to boast about," said Yellow Peach.

One day her Country Cousin came to Fruit Village.

"How do you do, Red Cheek," she said. "I am your cousin, Crab Apple."

Red Cheek turned away and said nothing.

"How do you do," said Crab Apple to the other fruit.

"How do you do," they answered politely.

"What is the matter with Red Cheek?" asked Crab Apple.

"She thinks she is too good to associate with us. She is so proud of her ancestry. She boasts because a great poet once mentioned her."

"Oh," said Crab Apple, with a laugh. "I think I had better have a talk with her. I know some of our family history myself."

In a few moments Crab Apple was talking with Red Cheek.

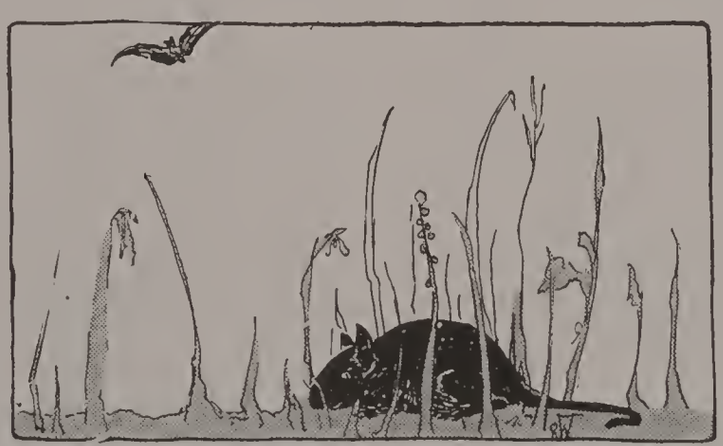
"Now, Cousin," she said, "if you're telling all the folks in Fruit Village

our family history, why don't you tell them of the part we took in that dreadful thing which happened in that beautiful garden long, long ago. It was not a Peach, a Pear, or a Plum that helped the serpent tempt poor Adam and Eve. It was an Apple. One of your own ancestors. I'm not proud of it, I can tell you, and I try never to mention it, but there is no sense in holding your head so high and boasting about your family history when you had such bad ancestors."

Then she left Red Cheek as suddenly as she had come, and went back to the other Fruit Folk.

"I think I have cured her of her boasting," she said. "I told her something I think she had forgotten."

And cured her she had. The very next day Red Cheek was lying on the ground laughing and having a good time with a lot of the Plum, Pear and Peach Family. They had all left their tree homes together, and were playing hide and seek with Uncle Wind.



They Lived on a Great High Tree

HOW THE BANANA FAMILY WENT ABROAD

ONCE upon a time in the far away East Indies lived a queer Banana Family. There was Father Banana, Mother Banana, Grandfather Banana, and Grandmother Banana, to say nothing of a whole bunch of little Bananas.

There they lived on a great high tree, higher than your house or mine. There they saw wonderful things — things which you and I go to the Zoo and the circus to see — there they played in the bright sun all the day, but they were not satisfied.

"If only we could see the world!" said Grandfather Banana. "If only we could travel!"

"If only we could cross the ocean, I wouldn't even mind getting sea-sick!" said Grandmother.

"If only we could get into one of those snow blizzards I have heard travelers talk about," said Father.

"I wouldn't mind being frosted, if I were able to really see a real winter!" said Mother.

"Wouldn't it be great to see the wonderful children of other lands?" said the children.

The other Banana Families loved their queer East India country, and were content to stay in their high tree houses, huddled together in bunches until each one was ripe enough to fall to the ground, for the native children to eat.

But not so this one family.

"Cut us from our home,
"We so much want to roam"

was all they sang from morning until night.

Now it happened that one day a man walked by their home and heard their song. So he took a big knife, and

cut the whole bunch from their tree home, and sent them to a big boat lying in the harbor.

"You're pretty green to travel," said he. "I hope you will arrive safely."

"Oh, we'll stay together, and get through somehow," the Banana Family answered. "Goodbye."

Then off they sailed across the boisterous ocean. Not once did they complain about being sea-sick, although Grandmother and Mother Banana were frightfully miserable. They kept close together until they reached the other shore.

Here were things more wonderful than they had ever imagined could be; great buildings, bright lights, tinkling bells, and shrill whistles.

"This is America, of which we have heard so much," said Grandfather Banana, as they were carried from the boat, and put in a car behind a puffing engine. "If you keep awake you will learn many things."

And keep awake they did, until they reached the great white lights of New York City.

Then the little ones began to notice their family was changing.

"Why, Grandmother," they said, "why are you wearing spectacles?"

"The better to see with, my dears," answered Grandmother. "Brown spectacles are just the things for tired eyes."

"Grandmother does not want to tell the truth," laughed Grandfather. "It is because she is growing old."

Just then a big Italian with black eyes and black hair bought the whole bunch. "Good ripe-bananas," said he. "Can sell cheap."

"What does he mean?" asked Mother.

"Why, my dear," said Father Banana. "Our travels are about at an end. We did not want to be eaten by the natives away back home, so we must be eaten by the folks in New York. You know that is what we were made for. It is our lot to be eaten."

"Good Ripe Bananas," Said He

"All right," answered Mother, lying back happy but tired. "We're willing. We have had such a lovely trip, and we're all glad to be eaten, aren't we, babies?"

"Indeed we are," answered the little ones, joyfully.

"Goodbye! Goodbye!" they whispered to one another, as a little boy bought a dozen of them and started to eat Grandmother right away.

"Oh, Look Here," Cried the Little Girls

(The Three Obliging Little Berries)

BOOK TWO

They Heard the Tale Biggey Mulberry Told
(The Tale of the Mulberry Tree)

AUNT ESTE'S STORIES

of the

BERRY AND FLOWER BABIES

Brave Violet.

Once upon a time in Mother Nature's winter home, Under-the-Ground, the flowers were getting very restless. You see it was nearly spring, and they had been sleeping all through the winter. It is good enough to have to sleep all night — but all winter! No wonder they were lively.

It is true during the first month of winter, they had thought their warm, brown earth bed very comfortable; it is true in the first few months, the dark earth room, in which they slept, was very soothing to their tired eyes, which had grown weak looking into the face of Uncle Sun through a long summer; it is true their warm, white snow comfortable had felt very cozy and cuddly at first, but now they were beginning to feel as little girls and boys do when morning peeps in at the window, and "kick" fly the covers, and "patter" come little feet. My, but the flowers wanted to kick off that brown earth cover! My, but they wanted to crawl out over the top of

that warm, white comfortable! My, but they wanted to be kissed by the Rain Children once again."

"I Want to Hear My Friend," Said Saucy Red Clover

"It seems an age since we have heard the song of Red Robin," sighed Red Rose.

"I want to hear my friend the Blue Bird," said Saucy Red Clover.

"Dear me, how long is it since we have played hide and seek with the big brown cows?" asked White Daisy.

"My!" said dainty Yellow Buttercup, "I hope to see a pink sun-bonnet, and have one of those earth children say 'Oh, you pretty Buttercup'."

Suddenly one of the flowers said, "Let's stretch our necks, and put our noses out in the air. Let's see what is going on."

So one and all stretched until they reached the surface. But as soon as the cold air struck their faces they pulled right back into the warm earth room.

Are the Little Girls Wearing Their Pink and White Sunbonnets?

"Oh!" said one and all. "It is so cold."

"I am afraid I will freeze if I go out." said Red Rose. "And I may get my beautiful, red dress all soiled in the early Spring slush. But I do so want to see Robin."

"I cannot go out," said Red Geranium. "I might take a cold, and then my nose would be redder than it is, but I should like to know whether Blue Bird has come back."

"I cannot go out," said Daisy. "My eyes would get all pasted shut with the cold, and I could not see. I am afraid I might freeze, and the cows would find me right away, but I should like to know whether they are in pasture."

"I cannot go out," said Yellow Buttercup. "I wish I could for I should like to know whether the little girls have yet put on their pink and white sun-bonnets. I believe none of us are big enough to crawl out and fight Jack Frost. We had better all crawl back into bed."

"Peep, peep," said a little voice. "I'll go out. I'll put on my purple cloak, and keep myself well bundled, until I see whether Uncle Sun will keep me from freezing."

"Why Violet!" said one of the flowers. "You dare not go out. You are too small. You will be scared by the wind."

"Not I!" said Violet. "I will see whether Robin and Blue Bird are back. I will see whether Bossy Cow is in pasture. I will see whether the earth children have put away their muffs and brought out their sun-bonnets. Leave it to me." And before they could turn, Violet jumped out from under the warm earth covers, and was gone.

"She surely is brave!" sighed Red Rose. "It must be splendid to have such courage! I will wait a while longer," and she crawled far into bed.

"She is a wonder, but we will wait until she calls us," said the rest, pulling up the covers, over their heads.

"Yes," said Mother Nature, who had been listening to them. "Violet is the bravest, sweetest, kindest one of all the Flower Family. And I think the Earth Children love her best of all, for she brings them the first messages of Spring. I can assure you Uncle Sun and I will not allow her to freeze."

And now, dear little ones, be sure to make Violet happy when you find her. I think she likes best of all to be taken to some shut-ins so that they may find in her the breath of the cool green woods.

The Flowers' Scare.

Once upon a time, in their winter home, Under-the-Ground, the flowers had all settled down for a last Spring nap. Just as sometimes boys and girls turn over for a last nap after the sun has peeped in at the window. I said ALL the flowers had settled down—but there was one who had not. It was Violet. She had gone to see whether the birds had come back, and to see whether the Sun-bonnet babies

were out. At last, one by one, the rest awakened. My, but they were a lazy, drowsy lot!

"Dear me," said Red Rose, as she stretched herself, "I wish we had all come up when we were awake the first time."

"So do I," answered Tulip. "I never feel good when I sleep late in the Spring."

"I am afraid I will not get to church in time to show my Easter bonnet," said Hyacinth.

"I do not want to be late for my wedding," sighed Calla Lily. "My white satin dress is so rich and rare."

Suddenly Easter Lily looked about with a start. "Why, where is the baby?" she asked.

"Our baby? Arbutus?" asked Red Rose. "Why, I don't know. She was crawling around the room when Violet went out. Where can she be?"

"Arbutus! Beauty!" called the flowers. "Traily, come here to your aunties. Don't you hear them calling you?"

"I think the little one crawled under Lily's Bulb," said Geranium. "She is always creeping around trying to get into mischief. There is no use in getting excited. You know she is here some place."

Nevertheless Geranium looked worried. So did all the rest. Calla Lily forgot about her wedding; Hyacinth forgot about her Easter bonnet; Tulip forgot about her sleepiness; one and all hunted and hunted and hunted, but they could not find Arbutus.

"Oh, where is our little baby!" the flowers cried. "If we only had not taken that nap, she never would have been lost!"

"But where could she have gone?" questioned Daisy. "Why, the little midget cannot walk. She could not have crept far."

"Well," said Buttercup. "Let us stop this foolish crying, and use sense.

Was the door open? Might she have crept out?"

"That's it!" said Pansy, from her little corner of the earth-room. "I'll venture to say Violet left that door open when she went out, and Traily has crawled after her. She is always following Violet."

"Oh, my!" shivered Red Rose. "She never could live in that cold biting air! Why, she is only a baby! The little pink and white darling! To think of her crawling over that cold earth after Violet!"

"Wait," said Hyacinth, as she picked up a little root telephone, "I will ask Mother Nature if she has seen her.

'Hello—Hello, is this you, Mother Nature? This is the Flowers at Under-the-Ground. Have you seen our

"Wait," Said Hyacinth, as She Picked Up a Little Root Telephone

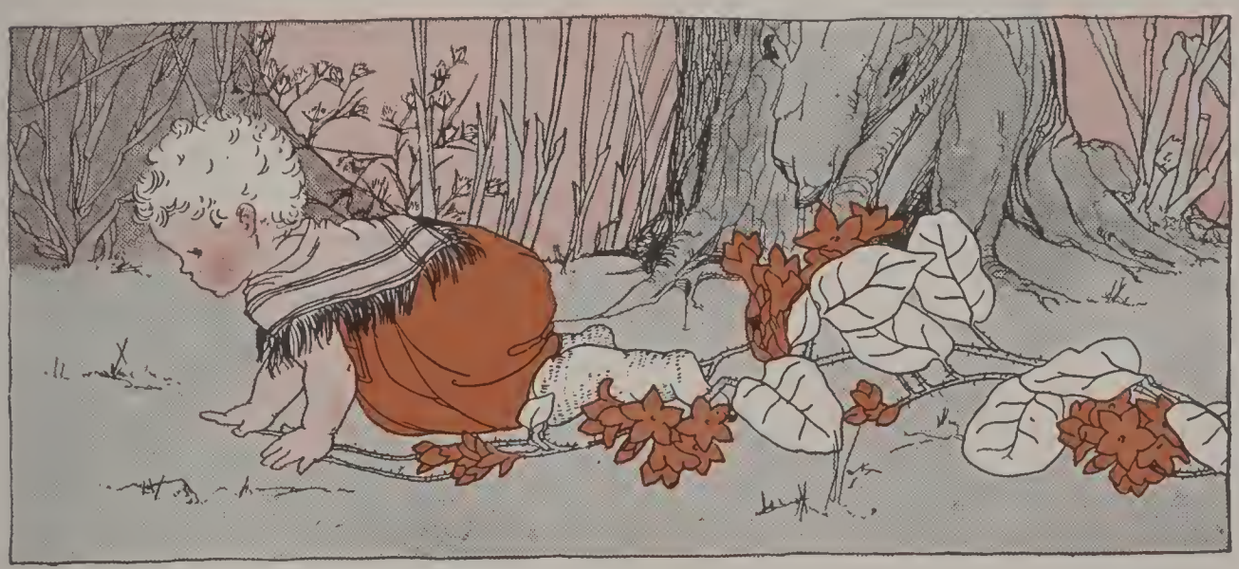
baby? Yes, I mean Arbutus. Yes, of course, Traily, with her pretty pink and white skin. We cannot find her. —Yes, that's her. She cannot walk;

just crawls every place. Have you seen her?'" Then for a long while the flowers waited eagerly. They could hear Hyacinth saying "Is it possible! Can it be?" But her face was bright, so they knew it must be good news she was hearing.

"Well," they asked, as she hung up the receiver. "Where is she?"

"Just as Pansy expected," answered Hyacinth. "That youngster followed Violet. Mother Nature said she saw her start, but she thought a little cold air would do her good. She threw a green blanket over her, and pulled on her green, woolen stockings, and that youngster has crawled all over the dark, woody places of the earth after

Violet. Up hill and down, under tree and bush. The Earth Children are wild about her. Uncle Sun says 'Do

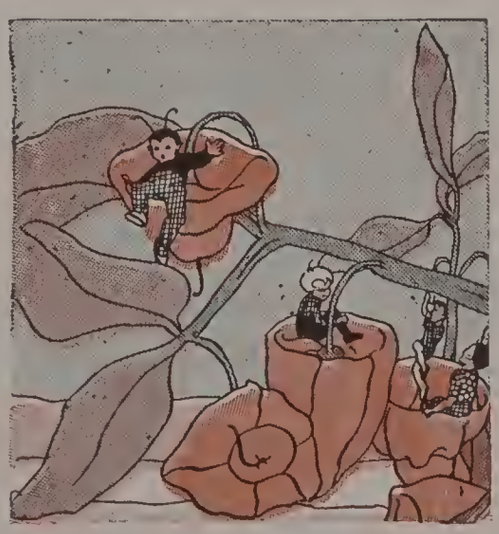


Little Arbutus Wandered Away

you think we will let a baby freeze?' Jack Frost has been eager to kiss her cheek, but Mother Nature would not let him. She says he is too rough."

"But how can we ever see her again?" sobbed Daisy.

"Go after her, of course," answered Hyacinth. "We have been napping too long already. For one, I am ashamed of having let that baby go out before us." So saying, she pushed her way through the ground as fast as possible, with all the flowers following.



Bugville Turned Out and Stood Along the Walk

The Flowers' Baby Show.

Once upon a time the flowers in Garden Bed Village were growing very tired. The summer had been long, and they had played all the games they knew how to play. They had

given luncheons and tea-parties. They had taken baths each morning in the dew. They had watched the beautiful firefly balloons each evening. Now they wanted something new to do.

"It is all very well for those flower friends of ours who have been taken away," complained Daisy. "But what can we do?"

"I will tell you," said Pansy, who was always original, and thinking out new games. "Let us have a Baby Show. I have heard that the earth folk do that sometimes."

"Good!" said Heliotrope. "That will be splendid! We will all take our babies. Where can we have the parade?"

"I have a beautiful, white walk to offer you, fair sister Flowers," said White Elysium. "It reaches all around Garden-Bed Village. It is quite easy on the feet, and will make a splendid parade ground."

"Oh, thank you!" said Pansy. "That will be a cool, safe place for the babies, as it is so near the Marigold fence. If one of the babies does get away, it cannot possibly climb over that. But who shall be the judges? I should like to trust flowers, but they might be partial to their own babies."

"I think," said Red Rose, as she blushed, "I might ask my friends, the birds, to act as judges. The little tree over there at the edge of Garden-Bed

Village would make a splendid judge's stand. Robin is so fine looking in his gorgeous red vest, and his chirps are so musical. I am sure he and Blue Bird, and that handsome Mr. Woodpecker would do anything I would ask of them."

It did not take long to complete plans. The next morning the Flowers had their Baby Show. And such a show! It surely would keep the earth folk busy to show off a finer lot of babies.

There were no nurse maids. Each mother wheeled her own baby down that Elysium walk; for each and every mother was so proud to own so fine a baby she would allow no one else to

wheel it. Of course, at first, Red Rose had thought it a bit beneath her dignity to push a baby carriage in a parade. When she saw how very beautiful Baby Rosebud looked, wrapped in her green blanket, with her lacy little green veil drawn over her face, so that the sun might not hurt her eyes, she, too, was glad to push her baby around.

All the little worms, and bees, and ants—in fact, all of Bugville—turned out and stood along the side-walk. I wish you might have heard the "ohs!" and "ahs!" as the parade passed by.

"Oh, look! there is Baby Daisy! Isn't she the whitest-skinned little dar-

ling, and isn't her little yellow cap set smartly on the middle of her head!"

"My! Look at Reddy Geranium! She must just have been pulled from her nap! She is all red from crying!"

"And hasn't Baby Forget-me-not sparkling blue eyes!"

So the bugs chatted as each passed by, and a butterfly, looking down from the tree-gallery, as she saw Baby Forget-me-not, sang:

"Her beautiful eyes are so very blue,
I believe the sky came down on the dew,
And is living in them. For You! For You!"

Which was very clever of Butterfly. The worms thought so too, and they were very proud of him, for hadn't he once crawled about in their company?

"Well," called Red Rose, when the parade had passed the judges stand, "Which is the prettiest?"

And then those birds all flew to the ground saying, "Chirp, chirp, chirp," as fast as they could. But the flowers could not understand. You see they had never once thought of the fact that birds and flowers talk a different language! They could not understand just as you would not understand a little one from a foreign country, who speaks a different language. So to this day each flower thinks it must have been her baby who took the prize, which I suppose was just what the Bird judges wanted. It seems to me they might at least have made Red

Rose understand, but they talked their merry language because they wanted each mother to be happy, and they really had all been so pretty, it had been a hard matter to decide. I think perhaps if you and I were made judges at a Flower Baby Show, we might have the same trouble that the Bird Judges had deciding who won the prize.

Easter Lily's Sermon.

Once upon a time in Hot-house City, Flowerland, little Hyacinth sat on her tiny green stool, talking to Tulip in a very earnest manner.

"What is in the air," said she. "I have never seen Mr. Gardener so careful of our Flower-pot Houses, nor so kind to us. He keeps our houses entirely free from weeds, and he gives us all the water we need. What is going to happen?"

"Oh," answered Calla Lily, "if you were an older resident of Hot-house City, you would know, my dear. Of course you have just come up from

your winter home, Under-the-Ground, so you cannot be expected to know as much as we do. My dear, Easter is coming."

"Easter?" asked Hyacinth. 'What is Easter? A man?"

Calla Lily looked in wonder; Pink and Yellow Tulip hid their faces behind their green leaf fans; Red Tulip was surprised at such ignorance, while the Narcissus Children huddled close together and giggled and giggled.

"Of course not!" shouted all the flowers. "Easter is a day!"

"It is the day," said Red Tulip, "we must look our best. I am so

My Dear! Easter Is Coming

proud when I am taken to church and placed before everyone, so that I may spread my red dress as far out, as it is possible to spread it."

"I shall not spread mine, this year," answered Pink Tulip. "I mean to keep mine close about my body. Hyacinth, you will be pretty with that bell trimming all over your gown. I will be surprised if you are not the most beautiful. They so often sing about Bells in the Sunday School where I stand."

"The smaller flowers are quite restless!" said Calla Lily, with dignity. "Hyacinth, above all be dignified! If you would only copy after me, you

would not fail to make an impression. I am so sedate in my gorgeous white satin gown. And this wee touch of yellow I wear on my breast gives my gown such an air of elegance."

"Dear me!" said Hyacinth. "Is that what Easter is for? To show off our clothes? I really thought all this fuss the gardener was making meant more than that."

"Oh, it is not all clothes," said a tiny Paper-white Narcissus Mother. "We have fun too. Why, my six little petal children are always seated around the dearest egg-cup, holding three tiny yellow eggs. To tell you the truth, Hyacinth," she leaned over and

whispered, "these flowers think of nothing but clothes. Now I am only too glad to be able to give pleasure to my babies, and forget myself. My babies are just like the earth children. Easter is a time for feasting with them."

Hyacinth wondered why so much should be made over Easter if it only meant fine clothes and lots to eat, when she heard a beautiful voice. She turned, and beheld the most gorgeous flower in all Hot-house City talking to her. It was Easter Lily.

"Dear Hyacinth," she was saying, "Easter is not to show off our clothes. Easter is not to eat eggs. We are

glad to have these things. I hope you will not get this selfish spirit from our dear, little friends, so soon after you have left Mother Nature's simple home, and have come to our Hot-house City. There seems to be a selfish spirit in this close air. Hyacinth, Easter is the day of rejoicing. Have you forgotten that, Calla? Have you forgotten that, Tulip? Have you forgotten that, Narcissus? What we are to do, is not to show off our new clothes, is not to be greedy and eat all day, but to BE GLAD and REJOICE first of all. We are supposed to wear our new clothes because everything became new on that day; we are supposed to eat eggs because an egg

best shows how life comes from darkness. You know how the chicken bursts the shell and comes from the egg after being in there for so long. We are not to be proud and think only of ourselves and our pleasures, but to REJOICE and BE GLAD."

When Easter came they were glad and rejoiced because the Lily had told them what the day was for.

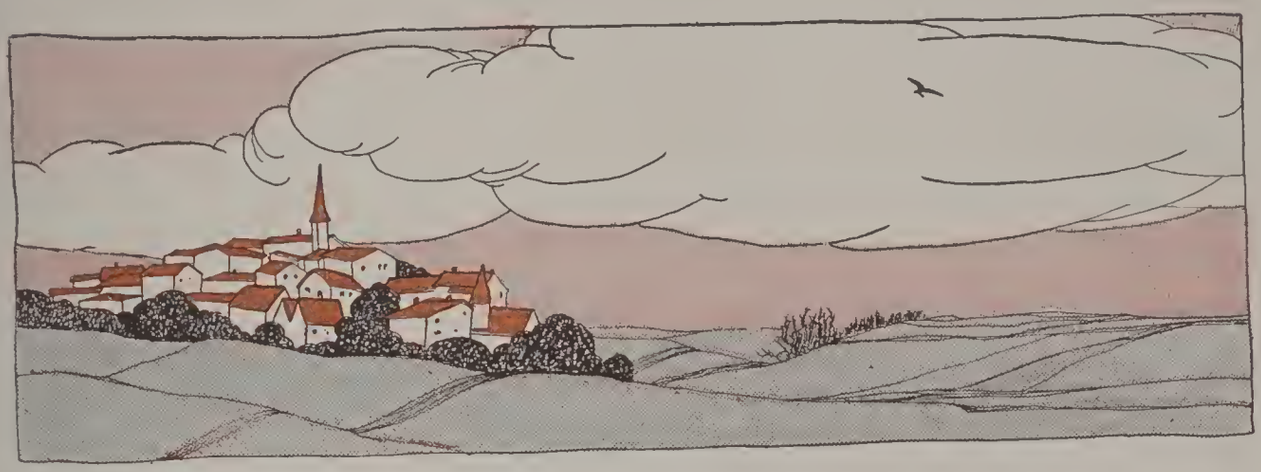
Easter Is Not to Show Off Our Clothes

Johnny Jump-up and Giant Sun-Flower.

Once upon a time Johnny Jump-up's mother was telling him a story about the Giant Flower. "Why, Johnny," she said, "He is so big, you could not touch his ankles, for you measure but several inches, while he measures many feet."

"Oh, mother," said Johnny. "Tell me some more. Is he fierce? Would he harm a little flower like me?"

"I do not think he would hurt you, Johnny; neither do I think he would notice so small a creature. He is very



He Will Not Look North

humble, however. He sometimes lives in the tiniest kind of a back yard He has a big yellow face, and wears a little brown cap on the middle of his head. He never looks in but one direction, and that is south. Some flowers say he will not look north, because he does not like the mid-night sun; nor east nor west, because he is jealous

of the day sun; so he looks south where he must look no sun in the face. You see he is a Sun-flower."

"Dear me!" sighed Johnny. "I wish I might see him before I die."

"That is impossible," replied his mother. "Because he never can be seen until late in the year, when you are in your long sleep."

But Johnny was a boy. Moreover he was determined. He made up his mind that he would see that giant.

So he hid away in the tall grass, and never made a sound. By and by all the family went off to sleep and forgot about him.

It was hard for Johnny to live, but he drank sunshine and dew, and napped on Aunty Dark's breast each night so he managed to keep alive.

My! but he saw sights! The most wonderful birds, and bees and butterflies. And of all the crawling, buzzing busy creatures he asked but one question, "Where can I find Giant Sun-flower?" But each went on his way without a reply.

One day a tiny winged creature stopped in front of the place where Johnny lived, and dug into the earth with its beak. It was tiny Mr. Wren, hunting worms for his little family, in the nest home, but Johnny thought it was a fairy.

"Kind fairy," said Johnny, with a bow. "Can you tell me where I might find Giant Sun-flower? I have been hunting for him all of my life, and now I am growing old."

"I think I can," answered Mr. Wren, who was much flattered at being taken for a fairy. "There is a chap by that name living in the little back yard beside my home. We all love him. The little chickens in the pen sing for him all the day long, for you know, when he dies, he leaves his wealth of sun-flower seeds for the chickens and the birds. Even the poll-parrot in the window, in the house, near by, sings all day "Polly wants a sun-flower seed." The giant only smiles at all

of us, for he will not leave his wealth until he dies. If you really wish to see him, I will carry you in my beak to my little nest home. You can sit on my front porch, and look straight into his face. That is really the only place you could possibly see his face, for he is so great and tall."

Poor Johnny Jump-up! He was so old and weak by this time that he nearly cried from joy. But his wish had come true! So he drank in a long breath of sunshine, and swallowed the drop of dew which was left in his cup from breakfast, as away he was carried in Mr. Wren's beak.

When he opened his eyes, he was seated on the lovely, branch piazza of

the Wren home, and across the way, the most wonderful flower, all yellow like the sun, with a little brown cap set jauntily on the middle of his head, smiled at him, and in a deep voice said:

"Johnny Jump-up, you are a brave little fellow, and I admire you very much. I am going to put you to sleep in my own arms. Mr. Wren, will you kindly toss the little fellow over to me?" Then before Johnny knew what was happening, he was being rocked to and fro, seated on the cap of Giant Sun-flower.

And there, a happy little fellow, he closed his eyes for his last, long sleep.

The Pink Roses of Bush House.

Once upon a time, next door to a beautiful, white mansion, in which the Earth Folk dwelt, the Family Pink Rose, lived in their dear, little cottage, Bush House.

It was a most complete Flower Cottage. It had beautiful green shutters, and quaint, thorn fire-escapes. In it lived Father Rose, a big, fat fellow, who always had his pink vest showing, so that every one might see his gold-watch seed-pocket. With him lived

Mother Rose, who wore her fluffy pink skirts fastened around her narrow waist with a green belt. Also, there was the eldest daughter, Pink Rosebud, in her narrow Princess gown; the oldest son, little Bud Rosebud, a funny, stubby fellow wearing a green cap; and last, but not least, a whole stem bed-room full of Baby Rosebuds, lying in little green cradles, with a lacy curtain drawn over each face. Oh, what a happy family they were in their dear little home.

"I hope we may never have to leave our home or each other!" said Mother Rose one day.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Father Rose "If we always stayed at one spot we

It Had Beautiful Green Shutters and a Quaint Thorn Fire Escape

could never make anyone happy but ourselves. Besides you would not see the world. I should like you and the children to travel a bit. As for me, my time is about at an end. I must soon be folding up my seed-pocket, and blowing over the earth to make new Roses for next year. There is no joy in living but for a day."

No sooner had he said this, than off his pink vest flew, and he was gone. The family missed him of course, but they knew that he was happy, making Roses for next year, so they made up their minds to be glad. Mother Rose was left them, at least.

But one day a beautiful lady passed the Bush House. "My!" said she, as

she leaned over and smelled the perfume Mother Rose always used. "What a fragrant Rose! It will look beautiful on my library table."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mother Rose, as the Lady picked her, "I should love to see the World! But who will take care of the babies?"

"Why, Mother!" exclaimed Miss Rosebud. "Don't you think I can watch over them?"

So all through the long day Rosebud kept house. That night a young man, passing Bush house, saw her. He exclaimed, "What a wonderful Rosebud! I shall take it in to Mother."

"I shall like to go!" said Rosebud, as the young man clipped her. "But I promised mother to watch the babies."

"Go along," said Bud Rose, in a queer, thick voice, which sounded sort of tearful. "I am short and stubby and not of much account, but I suppose I can tell the children a few stories about Fairy Bees and Giant Wasps. You will have a good time in that white house. They were dancing in there last night."

So all through the long night he watched those dear, little babies in their green cradles. He was very gentle with them. But although he told stories and laughed, his heart was with his mother and sister in the white

house. He was lonely but he kept saying over and over, "I will be cheerful and happy. I will never move from this spot until I grow to be a man like Father with a watch Seed Pocket."

The next morning a dear little girl came running up to the Bush House.

"Oh, you dear, little Stubby Bud!" she said. "I am going to take you and all these darling baby Rosebuds in to Grandmother!"

Before Bud could get his breath he and the babies were being clipped from their home, and being carried into a cool, and pleasant room, where they were put into a beautiful vase, filled with fresh water.

I Am Going to Take You to My Grandmother

Bud looked around to count the babies to be sure they were all there, when—guess what? In the very same vase, right beside him, were Mother Rose and Sister Rose-bud!

Well, such a hugging time, you never saw! They could not get close enough together in that vase. They were so

happy to think that they were all together in such a beautiful place. It really seemed too good to be true.

There they smiled so sweetly and cast their perfume so widely, that everyone in the big white house was happy.

Pretty Red Flowers

The Berries' Race.

Once upon a time eight little seed friends lived in Seed-store City. They were Strawberry Seed, Blackberry Seed, Raspberry Seed, Huckleberry Seed, Elderberry Seed, Currant Seed, Mulberry Seed and Gooseberry Seed.

They looked so much alike that the Mayor of Seed-store City (some folks called him the store-keeper) had to mark each envelope house in which the different seeds lived, in order to tell them apart.

One day these little friends had a plan. They planned over who could win the race in giving berries to the earth folk.

"I can win the race," said Mulberry Seed. "I will be noticed first, because I make such a big tree, and grow such sweet berries."

"I don't know," said Gooseberry Seed. "Everyone will like my coat of many colors best."

"My shiny red one is prettier," said Red-Currant. "Red is so bright it can be seen at a great distance."

"I am quite sure we will be noticed first," said one of the Raspberry twins.

"Everyone looks at us first because one has such black hair, and the other such red hair."

"Well," said Strawberry Seed, "You all agree, don't you, that the Seed who grows the first berry wins the race?"

"We do." One and all answered. "Now let us ask the Mayor of Seed-store City to give us a green field so we may begin to grow."

Some kind fairy must have whispered this conversation to the store keeper, for the very next day, he gave the whole lot of little seed friends to a man, who took them away, and planted them, one and all, in a beautiful green place, where they grew and grew

and grew, each trying to have the first berry so that he might be the winner.

"Dear me!" said Mulberry. "It takes long to grow a tree!"

"Oh, dear!" said Currant and Raspberry and Blackberry and Huckleberry seeds. "It takes so long to grow a bush. When can we ever be able to grow berries?"

"Well, well," laughed Mother Nature. "You little fellows forgot when you were talking about your fine houses, that a fine house cannot be built in a day."

There was one little seed, however, who said nothing. It was Strawberry Seed. He just pushed and pushed

and grew a few leaves; then pushed some more and grew green berries; then pushed some more, and the green berries turned to pink and white, all covered with yellow polka dots.

"Look at Strawberry Seed!" said the tiny bushes, and the little sprig of a Mulberry Tree, who although they had worked with all their might, had only a few leaves to show. "You don't suppose that Strawberry Seed is growing to be a real berry, do you?"

Strawberry Seed only smiled, while she kept on pushing. One morning the bushes and the little Mulberry Sprig were awakened by a loud shout.

"I win! I grew the first berry!"

It was the voice of Strawberry Seed; and, sure enough, when the bushes and the sprig looked around, there, before their eyes was the biggest, reddest, juiciest strawberry, hanging to the little plant.

"That is not a fine house, to be sure only a low rambling cottage," they said, as they talked over Strawberry's victory. "Ours will be much finer when we get them finished. But Strawberry surely can grow berries quicker than we can. Let's be good friends, and give three cheers for Strawberry Seed."

The Red Juicy Strawberry

So the Berry Bushes and the Mulberry Twig leaned over and shook hands with the little strawberry plant, who had once been a seed, such as they had been, and gave this cheer:

"One, two, three,
Hurrah, say we!
For the tiny—little Straw-ber-ry!
Though his house is small
He can win from all,
At growing a berry!
Is he quite clever?
Yes, very, very!
So one, two, three,
Hurrah! say we,
For dear little queer little Straw-ber-ry!"

I hope dear little ones, whenever you play a game to win, you are willing to shake hands with the fellow who wins and give a cheer for him.

This Is My Dear Cousin Gooseberry

Reddy Currant and Her Country Cousin, Gooseberry.

Once upon a time Reddy Currant was invited to a Berry Party. My, but she was glad! She sat in her shrub house in the beautiful city yard where she lived, eagerly waiting for her little friends, the Raspberry Twins, to come for her.

She was dressed from head to foot in red, except for a little yellow hair-ribbon which was tied in a tight knot, right in the middle of her head. She was so little, and fat, and roly-poly, she almost looked like an apple dumpling, painted red.

"Dear me!" she sighed, "I am so anxious to go, I can scarcely wait. Rowdy Huckleberry will be there, and Juicy Blackberry and dear little Strawberry. Won't we have a great time. I wonder whether Mother Nature will have the same things to eat which she had last year—fresh air salad, cool breeze sandwiches and iced dew in leaf cups? — Why don't those children come?"

"There is a rap at the door now," said Mother Currant. "I suppose it is your friends."

Reddy quickly ran to the door. But when she opened it, instead of the Raspberry Twins, there stood—Guess who? Her poor little country Cousin, Gooseberry, dressed in an old dress. It looked exactly like a grandmother quilt, for it was striped yellow and green and red. To make matters worse her stem arms were all covered with prickles. If she had not been so countrified, she would have looked a bit like Reddy. One could at least tell they were cousins.

"How do?" said Gooseberry. "I came over to visit with you a little while yet! Are you glad to see me?"

Now Reddy was very kind. She did not want to hurt Goosey's feelings, so, although she was thinking "Dear me, how can I ever take her to that party? The children will laugh at her," she said with a smile "Surely I am glad to see you. You are just in time to go to a Berry party with me. It will be wonderful, Goosey! Dancing and eating and games! I am so glad you can go." Then she thought to herself again, "That is not false. I mean it. I am glad Gooseberry can see something of city life."

"I am not going to be ashamed of her," she continued to say to herself. "If those Berry Children make fun of her, I shall not dance with them, for she is my cousin."

"Dear me!" said Goosey, when she heard how fine the party was going to be. "I guess I will not go. I am so quiet and country like, I won't know how to act."

"Oh, you will get along." answered Reddy. "Just do as I do."

When the Raspberry Twins came for her, Reddy Currant, bowing very low, said, "This is my dear cousin, Gooseberry. Don't mind the thorns on her arms. She is really quite sweet, and her dress is just the style where she came from."

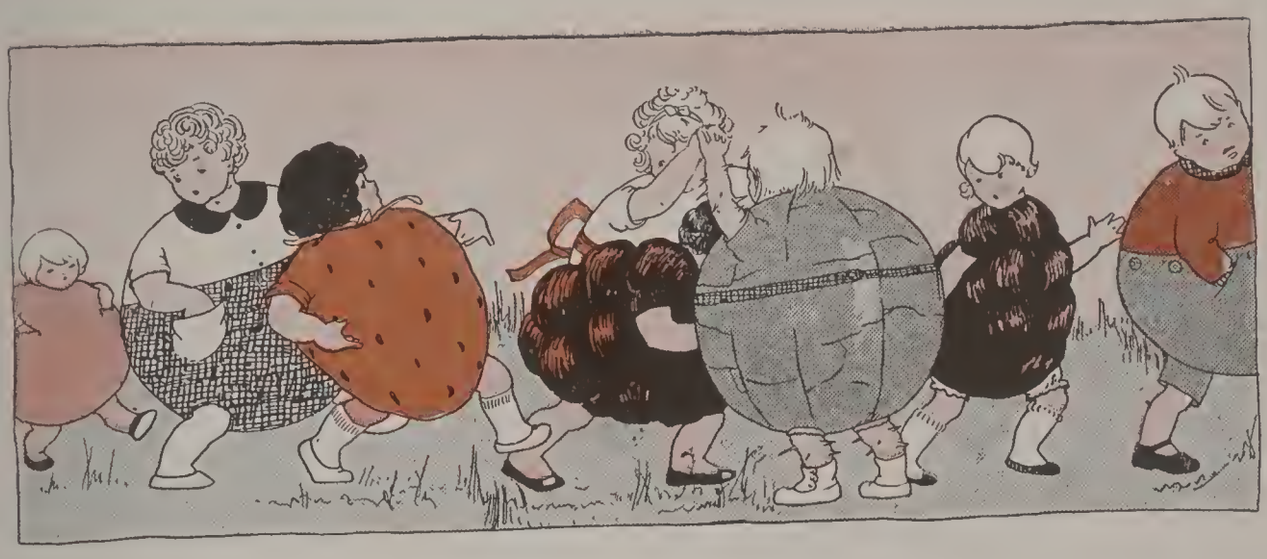
The Raspberry Twins bowed low and said "Glad to meet you," and off they started for the party.

Such a party and such a good time! Of course at first little Rowdy Huckleberry and some of the other boys, who always try to be a little smart, laughed at Goosey's dress, and made fun of her—

"Goosey, Goosey, big and juicy,
Just came from the farm."

But the rest treated her lovely!

She knew lots of good games to play such as "Berry Bush is breaking down," "Ring around a Berry," and "Going to Juicy-town." Reddy Currant was quite proud of her by the time the party was over.



She Knew Lots of Good Games to Play

"Mother," she said, that night, as she was being tucked into bed. "I am glad I made up my mind not to be ashamed of Goosey, and to take her with me. When the children thought I liked her, and was not ashamed of her, they all liked her too, and never thought of her country ways."

"I am glad you have learned that lesson, daughter dear. Never be ashamed of anyone. Sometimes the sweetest things are hidden behind the sharpest thorns and the queerest clothes."

Good Afternoon, Mrs. Raspberry

The Raspberries' Doctor.

Once upon a time all Raspberry Village was very sad. There were no little Raspberry children out playing in the bush yards. Most of the green leaf curtains were drawn tight, for the Berry Children were quite sick, and the Berry Mothers were much worried. On many of the Bush Houses, hung

signs like this: PLANT LICE — A CONTAGIOUS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASE.

The Berry Mothers had done all they could do. They had sent out messages to Mother Earth for more nourishment, through their little root telephones, but none had come. They had prayed Uncle Sun to shine away the pest, but that did no good. They had prayed to Uncle Wind to blow the lice from their Bush Houses, but that did no good. The disease stayed, and the Berry Children grew worse each day, until their little seed bones showed like those of famine children.

The disease was spreading. At first it had only been in one Bush House,

now it was in almost every house in the village. The little Raspberries were afraid to peep from behind the leaf shutters, and they were very unhappy.

"Dear me!" said Blacky Raspberry, "I am afraid we will not get to the candy shop to sit on top of Sundae glasses! I love to look around at the styles and hear the piano. If we stay so sick and seedy the farmer will not take us."

"I wanted to be put into a freezer and be churned into a sherbet!" said Reddy Raspberry. "I love to see every one smile when I come to a party in that style."

"If I only could be baked into a large pie like my aunts and uncles were last year, I would be perfectly happy." said another little thin faced black one. "They were buried beneath sugar when they were baked, swimming in a pool of juice. That would be great!"

"Well, you can just make up your mind, if this disease keeps spreading," said their mothers, "there will be no city for you this summer. These plant lice are dreadful. Just listen to the poor babies crying. It is a shame the way they itch."

Now one day a queer looking stranger came into the village. She hopped up to each house, and read the

sign on the door. Then she shook her head until it nearly dropped off. "About time I am getting to work here," she said, as she walked into one of the Bush Houses.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Raspberry," she said. "May I have a place to lay eggs in one of your stem-bedrooms? My name is Snowy Tree Cricket."

"I do not think we have any room for eggs around here," said Mother Raspberry. "We have a disease called Plant Lice. Your eggs might become infected. You had better go away."

But Snowy Tree Cricket only smiled. She laid her eggs in the house just the same, but that was not all. She got to work in her spare moments, and

before they could say Jack Robinson, she had cleared that house of all those Plant Lice. She just ate them up!

All the babies began to be happy and black and juicy again. Mother Raspberry did not like to have eggs lying all over her house, but she was so glad to have her babies well again, she gave her the freedom of the house.

And when that house was clear of Plant Lice she went to the next door neighbor and did the same thing. And from that house to the next, and all over the village, laid eggs in each house and ate up the Lice. The Village Raspberry folk called her Dr. Snowy Tree Cricket, and the children called her Dr. Cricket for short.

When the Plant Lice go, why so do I,
I live on that which makes you die;
I ate those Lice, both great and small,
So I'm leaving now
Dr. Sno

They Found This Sign

After a while all the signs disappeared from the doors. The children were all so fat and black and juicy and it was time for the farmer to pick them and take them to town. Then they decided to give Dr. Snowy Tree Cricket a party. But when they came to look for her she was gone, and on the last Bush House in the village they found this sign:

"When the Plant Lice go, why so do I,
I live on that which makes you die;
I ate those Lice, both great and small,
So I'm leaving now, goodbye to all."

"To think of anyone eating Plant Lice! My, that makes me shiver!" said Black Raspberry.

"It doesn't matter to me what she did with them, so long as I do not have any around." said Reddy. "All I want is that ice-cream freezer."

"All I want is the Soda glass!" said Blacky. "You may have your ice-cream freezer and pies with pools of juice! I like to hear that piano."

So thanks to Dr. Snowy Tree Cricket they all got well. Wouldn't it be funny if our doctors cured us like this?

The Three Obliging Little Berries.

Once upon a time some little Blackberries were growing up in the country. Each family lived in its separate Bush House, where the children played on the porches. My! but they did have good times!

But before the summer had ended nearly all the little Blackberry boys and girls had been picked and thrown into big buckets, after which they had been packed into pretty little boxes, and sent away in autos.

The little ones that were left had no idea where they had gone. They had

Here Come Three Little Girls. They Will Eat Us.

waved their black hands goodbye, as the farmer had started off, to the few blackberries they could see sitting on the top of the boxes, but that was all they knew.

"Dear me!" one sighed. "It must be nice to go out into the world."

Now there were only six little blackberries left; three living in one little Bush House, and three in another. But they were very different. The three in the first little Bush House were disagreeable because they thought only of themselves. Their names were Dried-Up, Shrively and Seedy Blackberry. One day as they sat on their porch Shrively suddenly remarked:

"Dear me, here come three little girls. They will eat us. I do not want to be eaten, do you?"

"No!" said Seedy. "I do not."

"Let us hide!" suggested Dried-up. "They cannot find us then."

So all three of the disobliging, little Berries hid behind a green leaf shutter, just as three beautiful little girls walked up to the Bush House.

"This is a blackberry bush," said one. "There must be some berries here."

They looked and looked and could not find one berry. They never thought of looking behind the leaf shutter, of course. They were quite disappointed as they walked on.

Now on the next bush lived the three obliging berries, Puffy, Blacky and Juicy. They saw the little girls coming, too, but they did not hide! Oh, no, they did not!

"I think," said Puffy. "Blackberries were made to be eaten, were they not? Now if we must be eaten, by whom would you rather be eaten? By a great big man?"

"Oh, no!" cried Juicy and Blacky.

"By a beautiful lady?" again questioned Puffy.

"Oh, no, no, no!" again shouted the other two.

"By a cute, fat, little boy?" laughed Puffy.

"NO! NO! NO! NO!" they said.

"Well, then, by a pretty little girl?" laughed Puffy.

"Yes, indeed, oh, yes, indeed!" cried the other two.

"Well, here come three," said Puffy. "Let us look our prettiest." So they sat down upon their leaf porches smiling as broad a smile as it is possible for a blackberry to smile.

"Oh, look here!" cried the little girls when they spied them. "Here are three beautiful blackberries, just like Father said we would find! Oh! I never saw such beauties! Let us take them home, and show Father how pretty and fat and black they are. Then we will dip them in powdered sugar and eat them for supper."

So off the bush they picked the little Blackberries. My! Those berries were happy! They puffed up with pride when the little girls stepped into a big auto and were driven away by a chauffeur in livery. Just think of being driven to a city in an auto, each held by one of the prettiest little girls ever seen! Just think of being dipped in powdered sugar, and then placed in a rose-bud mouth!

"What a glorious end!" whispered Puffy.

Poor Seedy and Shrively and Dried-up watched the auto drive away, and then, from being selfish fell from their bush home, laid on the ground, dried up and blew away!

They Dried Up and Blew Away

The Tale of the Mulberry Tree.

The summer was nearly over. Good old Mother Nature was tired growing flowers and vegetables and berries for the earth folk; she was tired growing grass and fodder for the animals; she was tired growing wheat for the baker to use in making bread for the children; she was tired asking Uncle Sun to send his little son, Summer Breeze, to cool the aching heads of people and animals and vegetables and flowers; she was tired coaxing Mother Cloud to send down her rain children so that

Then the Little Elderberry Children Coaxed for a Story

all her earth children might live, so, one night, when the little Elderberry Children coaxed for a story, she just refused to tell them one.

"If you children knew how tired I am," she said, "you would not ask for a story. I simply cannot think! Please let me rest."

But the little Elderberry Children were very much disappointed. Biggey Mulberry tree was sorry for them, and leaned over and offered to tell them a story.

Now the little Elderberry Children knew no one could tell a story like Mother Nature, but a story was a

story, and so they huddled together to hear the tale Biggey Mulberry would tell.

And that is how, one evening, little Summer Breeze, working for Uncle Wind, carried this tale from the big mouth of the Mulberry Tree to the little ears of the Elderberry Children.

"Listen," said the voice, "Listen, my children and you shall hear, of all of my family, far and near. Although you have known me for years, dear children, you have never known from what a wonderful family I come.

"I will first tell you of relatives in far away lands. Have you ever seen beautifully dressed ladies who rustle more in their silk dresses than I can

rustle in my leaves? Have you ever thought how it is that they can have all these silk dresses? Do you know that they get them from worms?—silk worms? Do you know what helps keep these silk worms alive? I suppose you have never thought of that, being so small. It is the leaves from my sister White Mulberry Tree, who lives in that great country China.

"Do you know that my brother, Paper Mulberry Tree is greatly loved in that other queer, wonderful country near China—Japan? Do you know that they use his bark trousers to make paper, and his wood body to make ornamental boxes? Do you know that my cousins are known by

all the rulers of Europe? Of course you have lived beside me long enough to know that I live to be very, very old—you have heard your great grandmothers telling that their great grandmothers knew me when they were little girls.

"You know how sweet my Berry children are, and how they are sought by many boys who knock them down with sticks. Dear Elderberry Children, I have held my beautiful leaf sun-umbrella over dozens of children at one time as they played tea-party; I have sheltered as many boys and girls when it rained as you have Berry Children in your whole house, just by holding out my arms above them.

"Above all, dear little ones, I can trace my family back to the time when the world was new, for my ancestors are mentioned in the Great Book. Yes, my Berry children are the only Berry children mentioned in the Bible—the B-I-B-L-E."

The last words trailed off into a low whisper. The Great Mulberry Tree was fast asleep. Mother Nature took time to whisper to the Elderberry Children: "Told you something to think about, didn't she?"

"Oh, I suppose she did!" said little Rowdy Elderberry, who was always hanging on the thinnest stem he could find, and doing stunts of all kinds.

"But we wanted a story. We did not want a history lesson, and a sermon all in one."

"You must learn to like those kind of stories as well as funny ones, and ones of adventure." said Mother Nature.

"Oh, yes, we want to learn things about the world!" the other Berries whispered. "Biggey Mulberry surely must have a wonderful family. So many relations in other countries. We will try to remember all she told us."

"We will try, w-e w-i-l-l t-r-y!" and the little Elderberry Children had joined the Big Mulberry Tree in the land of Nod.

"Dear Children!" said Mother Nature when they were all fast asleep, and she went around to see them in bed. "I shall have to tell them something real jolly to-morrow night. But it will do them good to hear stories like that quite often."

She Sat Darning Her Thousand Pairs of Stockings

The Old Woman Who Lived On a Stem.

Once upon a time in Berrytown, Mountain Land, lived old Mother Elderberry. She was a very busy old woman.

Of course you have all heard the little rhyme:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did not know what
to do."

It was the same with old Mother Elderberry. She had more children than any woman in Berrytown, and it was impossible to keep them neat and clean like the other children.

The little Raspberry children always looked so neat in their red and black rompers. They sat prim and proper on their leaf porches, while Mrs. Raspberry sewed with her thorn needle. Mrs. Blackberry's children were so tanned, and clean looking, while Mrs. Blackberry herself was such a good housekeeper; and the Strawberry children wore such neat little red, calico aprons, and were spotless.

Mrs. Currant and Mrs. Huckleberry had quite a number of children

too, but they did not crowd their homes as the Elderberry Children did, and they were not so little and bitter. Why, each of Mrs. Elderberry's bedrooms were so crowded with children there was no room to turn. Even the tiny alcoves were full! Poor Mrs. Elderberry did not know what to do.

No one seemed to want her children. The other berries were quite popular. The little children, and grown-ups as well, wanted them at their parties for sundaes and sherbets and short-cakes, and, just as they were, with powdered sugar; but no one ever wanted one of the Elderberry Children.

"No one wants my children!" sighed Mrs. Elderberry, as she sat darning

her one thousand pairs of black stockings. "They are too tiny and bitter. I guess they will never be of any use in this world."

But as she was darning, her head nodded. Soon she was asleep, and while she slept, she dreamed a dream.

On a big shelf, in a dark cellar, she saw hundreds of white glass houses, and in each of these glass-jar homes lived tiny people.

First she saw a jar of soft mashed up looking creatures.

"Hello, Mother Elderberry," they said. "Don't you know us?"

"Why what a surprise!" she said, "If there are not some of the Straw-

berry Children! You look so pale I did not know you."

"Yes," they replied. "We don't like it at all down here. We feel so funny. No one likes us put up like this. Over there are some more children you know. There are some of the Raspberry Children. They do not look as bad as we do, but they are kind of sick looking too. Then there are some Blackberry Children. They look very good down here, don't they? But look over in that corner. Do you know any of those?"

Mother Elderberry looked, and — guess what? She saw a whole thousand of her own little children, with no

stems, floating around in a shiny glass house; their eyes were sparkling, and their skins shone.

"This is great!" they cried, when they saw their mother. "This is better than living on such crowded stems. You should see how the little boys and girls laugh when the cook bakes us into pies. Up there are a lot more of our brothers in little glasses covered with paraffin. You will not know them for they are all mashed into a jelly, but if you had heard them shout for joy when they were cooked in sugar, you would be quite happy. Nobody turns away from us any more. I heard somebody say the other day,

'Elderberries are no good when they are on the bush, but are very fine when they are cooked' !"

I wish you had seen Mother Elderberry smile in her sleep. Her head just nodded, and nodded, and n-o-d-d-e-d until with a start, she awoke. There in her lap were the stockings undarned; there on the bush hung the thousands of little babies, all crying for something to eat; there were her stem rooms, full, full, full—there was nothing anywhere but children and leaf toys!

"Dear! Dear!" she said. "I must get to work! But since I know my children are really of some good in the

world, and make people happy, I don't care how hard I must work. I really am glad—

"I am an old woman who lives on a stem,
With children and children, just thousands of them!
I will work until the market man takes them to sell,
Where in winter the earth folk will enjoy them well."

FINIS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00020584683